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PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 590. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2 1899. PRICE FIVE CENTS

MR. BREWER SUSPENDED.

THE REV. GUY, GUYERMAN ADMITS THAT HE WAS SEXTONIZED.

And He will not touch Aggie Until She Has been so Condemned by the Conference.

A Popular Minister in the Methodist Church—Sought by Impoverished Churches.

Rev. W. W. Brewer has many friends all over the Maritime provinces. He has been a popular minister and congregation of the principal churches in the conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island have sought and obtained his services.

Anyone who ever met the man on a platform could not easily forget him. He is

get a more careful investigation than might otherwise have been held.

He has been stationed in St. John, Moncton, Charlottetown, Fredericton, and years ago at Marysville. Today he is at Marysville though under the ban of suspension. He was charged with intemperance and when the committee set about to investigate he admitted that he was guilty. There was nothing for the committee to do but suspend him until the conference meets next summer.

The Rev. Brewer arranged.

After an absence of some time from the diocese and during which period the Rev. Brewer had been in charge of a

ham in right field had little to do. These are the principal changes on the Kees team, and despite the new order of things they won out against the Yankees by a score of 11 to 5.

SEE WHEAT THE PARTS.

A St. John Woman who Surveys Lumber in Boston Dressed as a Man.

St. John has had a visitor of late; simply the return to her former home and haunts of an old resident; not old in the days, months and years sense, but old in the ordinary way of using the expression. It would not be amiss to address the person in question as either Miss or Mr. for she exists under both names. While in her Indian town home a few years ago and during her period of surveying lumber at the "big mill" she was an object of curiosity tinged with mystery, to the grown up good folk of the jumping-off end of town and a source of awe and terror to the small boy.

Her comely figure was not the cause of so much interest, nor was it that she had a deeply hidden past to live against, but her sex was the problem. Working on the lumber piles in the dead of winter without any mittens and performing the duties of a surveyor with the exactness of an expert she was considered by the townsfolk as a freak, for the new women in those days was yet unborn in easy-going Indian town. Her jaunty red tam and croppy hair are not yet forgotten these days.

Like the mighty host she went to poor old overcrowded and provincial peopled Boston, where in the garb of a male she still attends to her chosen vocation of judging the length, breadth and thickness of lumber. Five dollars a day is frequently her remuneration and when only a few days ago she bobbed up in this her native city, she was promptly identified, despite the fact that her shapely form was enclosed in a becoming golf suit and her abbreviated tresses laid under a cap to correspond. It was the same Indian town girl surveyor all right, and all who saw her in her prosperity inwardly wished her good luck and a continuance of her pluck.

H. M. CHASE IS A DANDY.

HE SITS IN HIS OFFICE AND BE-CHAVES UNBENTED ORIOLES.

Two or Three St. John Men Caught—The Name of H. M. Chase Head to Make an Excursion Scheme Succeed—Funders for Supplies Asked for W. to Do Post.

Henry M. Chase of Boston is an ingenious individual. Those who know him must take off their hats to him as a champion schemer. He sits in his office and makes money not as other men do, with money, but simply by brain-work.

The honesty of his ideas didn't trouble him; the simplicity of it was startling. When the wholesale and retail grocers saw the advertisement in the Globe calling for tenders for a large quantity of supplies for the use of a large Knights of Pythias excursion from Boston they began to think perhaps there was an order in it for some one.

If the K. of P. had not been mentioned there is small chance if anybody would have noticed the request to tender because no one knew who H. M. Chase was and the fact that he required a certified check for ten per cent of the amount of the tender would have led them to look into his credentials. But word had been given out that Boston and other K. of P.'s intended to have an excursion to St. John and that they would likely number, with their wives and friends, several hundreds. It was said that arrangements had been made to camp on the Barrack square and that in the event of rain the drill hall had been secured for the ladies. It was no wonder then that the request for tenders for supplies should have been received in good faith and that several merchants prepared a tender and submitted it with a certified check enclosed.

Then they waited for an answer. They are waiting yet, because Mr. Chase placed their checks in the bank and did not bother his head about them afterwards.

An excursion did start from Boston but there were only 90 people in it instead of four or five hundred. Mr. Chase agreed to bring them to St. John and Halifax via Yarmouth, feed and shelter them for \$85. If he had secured enough people he may have been able to do it but he fell short and left the party at Yarmouth. Those who did come complain that they each lost \$10 on that portion of the trip. Some of them, thinking that arrangements had been made at certain hotels along the line for their accommodation referred the proprietor of one of them to their "manager" but the "man-

ager" wasn't present and the baggage was held until payment was made.

Several checks are known to have gone from St. John. Two of them—small ones—were cashed; another that Progress heard of for about \$100 was cashed in Boston but as certain conditions written on it were not fulfilled the bank has refused to cash it. So the merchant is in that much.

It is only fair to the K. of P.'s in St. John to say that they knew nothing of the affair but all members of the order will realize that its good name should not be used to further such schemes as this.

The Last Down the Law to Him.

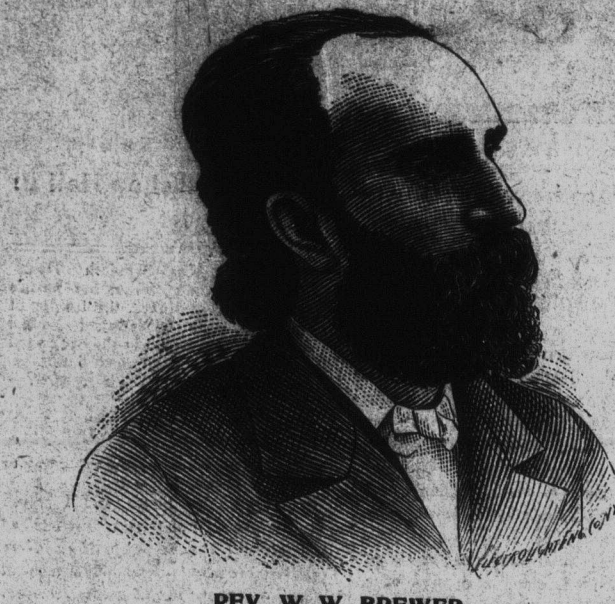
Queen things are often found in the gutters. Notes of hand and other notes sometimes are wanted there. Progress is not talking of notes of hand in this case but of one of a very different nature addressed to a young man who is regarded very foolish in his affections and to have many strings to his bow. Evidently some hint of this had come to the ears of his lady love who made up her mind to give her recalcitrant attendant a piece of her mind and she set down to write him a letter. She did not waste any ink in sentiment but after dating it from "At Home" proceeded to lay down the law. No longer did she propose to be made a fool of; the irregularity of her lovers visits must cease and she must know when to expect him. In fact he was to come when it suited her and not when it suited him. An answer was requested at once and if he did not agree to the programme laid down then it was "all off". It may be that the letter hadn't much dignity about it but it was full of force and common sense.

Dr. A. H. Gordon Goes to Montreal.

Dr. A. H. Gordon, a talented young north end resident who has recently graduated from M. Gill has returned to Montreal to accept a position as hospital physician. Last Sunday he was near as hand when Elva Carpenter was injured and his prompt attention and careful treatment of the little girl was much thought of not only by the parents but by the street railway management.

Civic Economy Runs Wild.

Economy reigns over the department of Safety. The price of putting in coal has been twenty cents a load but the young man who put coal in the police building this year found that the price had been cut and fifteen cents was the price. He kicked and the bill is unpaid. How is this for economy, O ye taxpayers!



REV. W. W. BREWER.

large and his voice sonorous and deep. He makes a good impression on his audience, is eloquent frequently, and preaches such an acceptable sermon that many think there is none to equal him among the Methodist ministers.

He is an agreeable man to meet outside of his pulpit and it may be that this accounts for his numerous friends among the laymen. When ever he was called upon at the conference to sit in judgment upon the sins of a brother minister he did not make up his mind beforehand that because the charge had been made it must be true necessarily. This was so in the Currie case which the conference considered for so long. In all the investigations Mr. Brewer sought the facts. He was not alone in this, but his influence did much to

eral shiftabout, the North Enders appeared again on Thursday against the All Collegians of Maine. It was a featureless contest and at no stage was the crowd forced into an hilarious state of enthusiasm. The chief interest seemed to centre in pitcher Callahan, the roses new importation from the Pine Tree state and the star curvologist with the Poutuckets of the Eastern League until their disbanding. He showed just as much speed as he did in his first game against the Alerts when he was wearing a Sanford suit and had a long list of strike-outs to his credit. Billy Kelly did not impress the crowd as being eminently fitted for his new job on first base, but Shannon on second filled O'Neill's shoes to a nicety. Friars ably protected the third corner and Canning-

Webber's Hard Luck.

"Well Price what's the prospects for a good house Labor Day?"

"Can't tell, don't know anything about it," replied Webber laconically. "Lives uncertain and so is business but we'll do the best we can. Holiday business is not the dead sure thing it seems to be. I have been very fortunate in St. John but twelve years ago I played two performances on Dominion Day to less than a hundred dollars. Think of that! Of course the afternoon was very warm and I was playing in the Institute and then the heavens opened so about six o'clock that you could swim in the gutter—but less than a hundred—think of it!"

After everybody had thought for a minute or two Price glanced up from under his curtain lecture hat and began to spin yarns about poor houses. "A particular friend of mine was playing in a good sized American town on Thanksgiving evening. There were thousands of people on the street, passing the theatre's door but not a soul went in. The first and last time I ever heard of such a thing," and Webber looked around to see if anybody was smiling. Nobody was guilty and he continued. "I played once to fifty cents in New York state. The play was Ten Nights in a Bar Room and an old gentleman and his wife composed the audience. We did the best we could and the next day the old man, who was pretty well known, told the story of how we had played to him and his wife and that night we had a corker of a house. It pays to be honest, my boy; it pays to be honest; but then you see if I hadn't played, the landlord would have missed me bag and baggage and stopped the show."

"That nearly happened in Newfoundland this spring. The company started for St. John's to play on the Queen's Birthday and after a hard journey we arrived \$800 out of pocket for expenses. What do you think? The governor of Newfoundland in consideration of the backward spring, the quantity of ice on the coast, etc., had postponed the Queen's Birthday to the 15th of June! There it was in the Royal Gazette and I had to believe it. Waa! I sabbergasted? Who in his wildest managerial dream would have thought of such a thing? What did I do? I opened the engagement then skip-ped to Harbor Grace for a week, then a few days in another town and get back to St. John's for the 15th of June, did a good business there and a little Friday and Saturday, then away for home. They wanted me to stay another week but I knew when I had enough. Things were too uncertain for me and I didn't know what the governor's next notion might be."

"In Truro this year I was billed to play Saturday, Dominion day. When I stepped off the platform Manager Gunn met me and his face was as long as the moral law. 'Price, we're dished' he said in a stage whisper. What! said I we're dished, he replied, Dominion day has been changed to the third of July. That's all right we'll play 'em both and so we did and got out even, but I don't like interference with the chronology I've been used to. Are you going to supper? Don't forget to give me a nice local for our Labor Day performances" and he twirled the gay sweet pea in his button hole as he started along the street. His host must have a great supply of sweet peas.

THE ITALIANS ARE PATRONIZED.

The Musical Trio Find Patrons in all Parts of the City.

Last year a German street band furnished music on the streets. They gave good music and they made a lot of money. When they left town they took a draft for \$1,850 with them. That represented their savings in St. John.

This year an Italian orchestra is about the streets. There are two violins and a harp but the trio are artists in their way and they, too, have made a lot of money. They are not content with playing from morning until night on the streets, and in the corridors of the hotels but they accept engagements from private parties and furnish dance music. They are not particular at all and play just as well in Britain street residences as they do among respectable people in the Institute or elsewhere. But by doing this there is no doubt they are interfering with local orchestras who do not have too much to do and who are always on call. It may be they play cheaper but these Italians live cheaper than Canadians. They are here today and somewhere else tomorrow. An indulgent mayor permits them to compete with local musicians without paying license. Even the blind and maimed hand organ men have had no show since the craze for Italian music set in to say nothing of the old man who warbles those patriotic songs from noon until night.

It would never do for St. John to lose its name for hospitality. The hand of welcome is stretched forth to the street musician even in a more practical fashion than to the American tourist. There is some difference between them: the tourist leaves a dollar in town the other takes it out.

It was not surprising to learn that the musical foreign trio had outdone the harp and the violin for the amusement of a lot of gay young spirits near the shores of Courtenay bay but these of them who do honor to the music later under thoroughly different circumstances must have wished for the local orchestra instead.

Little Elva's Escape.

A flash of pink and white, a cry of horror and the car was on her. A desperate motorist with a man's strength in his right hand the brake. Men piled, women fainted and children sobbed during the few seconds that the body of three year old Elva Carpenter was under the moving seven ton street car.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and many persons, men, women and children, sauntered along the shady walks and sidewalks and enjoyed the air. The cars were crowded and No. 41 when it came up the incline, opposite Adelaide Road, had twenty or thirty people enjoying what breeze they could from the motion of the car.

Two or three little girls, daintily dressed, were standing midway between the track and the curbstone. The street is wide and they were perfectly safe where they were. The warning bell was sounding, the car was at moderate speed, when

when it was not ten yards away, a little tot tried to cross the track. "Go back! Go back!" yelled the motorist, and before the words were out of his mouth the power was off and the brakes on, but—! a pain. The awful cry of horror from the passengers and from the street was intensified by the fearful scream from beneath the car, where, in a huddled bundle, could be seen the dress of the little one, now soiled and bloody. Women were hurried out of their seats and strong men tried with strength unknown before to lift the side of the car from the track and so release the little body now ominously silent. But what could a few men do towards lifting half of a seven ton car? Not much. Still help was coming and soon more men than could lay hold were trying to raise the mass of iron and wood. In the meantime the motor trap was opened, the little one's leg disentangled from the brake rod and then with a shout the wheel was raised and the dress of little Elva was found the only thing caught by the wheel. With tender hands she was raised and carried into the nearest house. Skillful physicians were in attendance in a few minutes and soon the welcome and almost unbelievable word was given out that no bones were broken. She was badly bruised and had slight cuts on the head.

How did she escape? No one knows. Street car officials shake their heads and say they cannot understand it. How could her body, small as it was, pass under the motor guard, just four inches from the pavement, or under those cranking motors only half an inch higher? No one knows. Providence had a part in that accident and stretched forth a hand to save a young life from a death so horrible that it makes one shudder to think of it.

1899. 1899.

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Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMERS "BOSTON" and "YARMOUTH"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. train from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and all coast lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTECELLO," Leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 110 Hollis Street, North Street de pot, Halifax, N. S. or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 140 Hollis Street, N. S.

L. E. BAKER, President and Director.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 1.30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the steamer Jordan will leave St. John, every Saturday at 8.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Fredericton.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after THURSDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Indian town at 9 a. m. local time. Returning, leave Hampton same day at 2.30 p. m. Arriving back 7.30 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 40 Cents.

Excursionists may buy tickets to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa for 80 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Boat or I. C. R. Station.

On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 8.30 a. m., Wednesdays 2 p. m. and Saturdays at 8.30 a. m. and will leave St. John, Wednesdays at 6 a. m., Saturdays at 4 p. m.

H. G. EARLE, Manager.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Quay), September 14th, 20th, and 27th, and weekly thereafter.

Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery, Pier), November 7th, 14th and 21st, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN since. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, at our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight to NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTPORT, ME., TRIMMINGS, together with thorough traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our commitment to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS SHIPPERS AND AS VICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address,

R. H. FLEMING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 4-11 Broadway, New York City.

ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD CONVENTION.



A Group Portrait taken by H. Climo of the Delegates Grouped About the Steps of Trinity Church, with Bishop Kingdon and Bishop Hall in the Centre of the First Row and the Rector of Trinity at the Church Door.

JUDGE FORBES ON KING.

HE CLAIMS THAT HE HAS THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH.

And He Tells the Reason Why—A Criticism of the Judgment That Was Passed Upon Those Who Insulted With Him—The Judge on Catholic Objections.

His Honor Judge Forbes in the Circuit Court on Tuesday referred in most decided terms to the recent disturbances on Fort Howe in connection with the meetings of Evangelist Louis J. King, the self-asserted ex-Romanist. His Honor called the attention of the Grand Jury to the pronouncement of the people to institute mob rule when King is holding forth. The right of free speech he said, was undoubted and any interference with it is a breach of the law of the land and should be settled at once. This should be a law-abiding community, and if people do not approve of what is said at the meetings held by King they are not obliged to hear him. King's meetings were attended by larger audiences than were the meetings held by prominent divines who had recently visited the city, and this was due to the fact that the proper authorities have not acted with promptness to prevent any interference with King. The right of free speech was undoubted; any people should be protected in their rights. If King or anyone else violated the laws of the country the proper course was to have the offender arrested. If the police were not supported by the people they become a mere band of some thirty or forty men to protect forty thousand people.

Later, in an interview, Judge Forbes enlarged upon his remarks to the Grand Jury and gladly gave his judicial opinion on the question of the holding of open-air meetings. He said King had just as much right to speak on Fort Howe as has the Salvation Army to sing and pray on the public streets. The law forbids the stopping of traffic by street congregations and Chief Clark has in his possession what Judge Forbes terms a most able and exhaustive expression of the statutes on this point by Recorder Skinner. It is not so much whether King and his addresses are inflammatory as it is that the rock bottom law of the land shall be maintained. Because the remarks of an enthusiast are disagreeable to a class or classes of people is no reason whatever for any show of violence on the part of the crowd. Don't listen to the preacher if he is preaching are not according to your views. As a man amenable to the law he must use respectful language. He cannot lawfully slander one man's religion and make light and trifling use of the names of honest citizens. Then it is that he becomes within close range of the Crown's long and stalwart arm. A formal charge should then be made against him and the case tried out in the courts. But no wise man can mob righteously take the law in their own hands and cause a disturbance or do bodily harm to the speaker. If a blow is struck and a riot occurs it is not the seeming offender who suffers, but perhaps a host of women and helpless children.

His Honor deplored the fact that Fort Howe offenders arrested and brought before the local court were allowed to go on their way rejoicing, simply because witnesses were they did not see them throw stones in the disturbance of several Sabbaths ago. Other witnesses were they did see the men throw stones, but no

example was made of them and the cases went unpunished.

It is ridiculous, thinks Judge Forbes, to run away with the idea that an upstart preacher like Evangelist King can make any impression on the Roman Catholic church and its beliefs—a denomination that has stood boldly forth for centuries and whose charitable institutions are world-wide and most worthy. If he attacks and slanders ruthlessly the clergy, the Sisters of Mercy and other devoted believers and laborers in Catholicism, he is inhuman and a man without fine feeling, which undesirable qualities cover a great deal not generally found in an evangelist. But that is not the point in question, His Honor reiterates. It is most important that law and order must be preserved. Mr. King may preach on Fort Howe, on the street or in any public place on the same footing with the Salvation Army, but he must be protected, and the people kept in subjection. Even if the ex-Romanist does slander and abuse the Catholic church and its adherents the mob has not a jot or tittle of right to step in and interfere with

have received an additional small supply and are prepared to meet the first demands. Price ten cents.

ODD THINGS IN PAPER MACHE.

A Great Variety of Articles Used as Candy Boxes and for Other Purposes.

Among articles made of paper mache there is a very great variety designed for confectioners' uses, as candy receptacles. Of such things there are, for example, imitation chickens, of many sizes, from those of natural size down to little bits of chickens an inch or two in length. There are also made in the various sizes turkeys and ducks. These are all finished nicely browned to represent cooked fowls, and they are also finished to represent fowls plucked but not cooked. In each of these figures, all being hollow, there is an opening made by cutting out a small section, which is contrived to open and close like a door flush with the surface. Through this opening the figure is filled with candy.

Figures of this description including representations of a thousand or more different objects, are sold as novelties, and for

figure of a duck, made of paper-mache and on another platter the foot-long form of a whale.

Burying a Rattlesnake Alive.

It would not seem a very easy thing to bury a snake alive, but that is what a traveller through western Indian Territory saw some prairie-dogs doing. The story is told in Forest and Stream.

The traveller was resting under a tree when he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him. They would run up to a certain spot, peep at something, and then scamper back. Looking more closely, he saw fifteen to twenty dogs about a rattlesnake, which presently went into one of the dogs' holes.

No sooner had it disappeared than the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill up the hole. By the time they had pretty well covered the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt, and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time barking.

The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant, and went in. Then forward came the dogs again, and all went to work to push up earth to the hole. This time they succeeded, and completely covered the entrance. This done they proceeded to beat the earth down, using their noses to pound it with. When it was quite hard they went away. The traveller examined their work, and was surprised to find that they had packed the earth in solid with their noses, and had sealed the snake inside.

Patriotic Private Post Cards.

J. C. Wilson & Co. the extensive Paper Makers and Wholesale Stationers of Montreal and Quebec, send us advanced proofs of their two new Patriotic Private Post Cards, which they are about to issue. They are very neatly lithographed in colors and will no doubt be very popular, and have a large sale, especially the Canadian design, which represents Canada, a pretty maiden in a blanket snowshoe outfit, with a pair of snowshoes in her right hand, holding the Canadian flag in her left, the Beaver at her feet, a wreath of Autumn leaves entwining the words "The Maple Leaf for Ever," the rising sun in the background, and at the bottom the motto "Patria Amamus." This card we considered the best production of its kind yet issued. The other is from the celebrated painting by Mand Earl, the Bull dog standing on the Union Jack, with the words "What we have we'll hold." They will be for sale at all the booksellers, or in quantity from the Publishers.

This Cat Lived More Than 20 Years.

In the early spring of 1874 there was born unto Mr. and Mrs. George Cochran, living near Canby, Kan., a daughter, and will the babe was but a few weeks old there appeared a small kitten. The kit was taken in and cared for as a playmate for the baby. In 1878 Cochran and family moved to southern California and left the cat with

his wife's sister, Miss Samantha Dean. Miss Dean kept and cared for her niece's kitten. He survived until the 4th day of August, 1899, when he breathed his last and was buried on the 5th in the back yard at the age of 26 years and about 6 months. Can the nation equal his record? Topeka State Journal.

TRUST IN TRUTH.

Native Believes It Means Something not to be Paid For.

'In no State in the South, and I travel in all, are people in the back districts as guileless as in Tennessee,' said a New York business man. 'I fancy that most of the stories of their simple nature are true. In some manner they get an inkling of what the world is doing, but that is all they want. They do not trouble themselves with inquiry. They do not know the meaning of an interrogation point as applied for information. I was in a town in the eastern end of the State where a stranger is as much of a sight as a circus parade. A woman rode up to the door of a store and looked out from her umbrella; the merchant went to the door just as he was in his shirt sleeves and a pair of nankeen overalls held by a rope. 'How dy, Miss Sary? want yo' light?' was his salutation. 'Beckon not to day, Davs. Pap's down with the yellers agin and wants yo to send 'im some of them new bitters yo was tellin' him abo t.' The young woman showed her bonnet back on her head and took me in as she talked to Davs. 'Ye mean Trust Schnapps, Miss Sary, I reckon,' said the merchant. 'That's it, Davs, cause Pap said they was to be charged up.' Then she readjusted her bonnet, picked up the reins, dug the heel of her shoe into the flank of her nag, and as the nag loped away Miss Sary looked back and pointing to me, called out: 'Say, Davs, when are you goin to kill it?' 'The merchant apologized to me, or thought he did by saying that he reckoned I was the 'fust man that ever come to these diggings in a pair of shoes that had no tannin.'

Sage Advice.

It is not often that a lawyer gives better advice, and asks no fee for it, than was once given by a certain Irish judge, who must have had both a sense of justice and a sense of humor. A turbulent peasant was a witness in a trial before Chief Baron O'Grady. The counsel, after pestering him for some time put a question to him which reflected on the witness's character. 'If ya ax me that again I'll give ya a kick!' was the answer. The counsel appealed to the court, stating that an answer was necessary to his client's case, and ending up with the query: 'What would your lordship advise me to do?' 'If you see resolved to repeat the question,' replied the court, 'I'd advise you to move a little from the witness.'



HIS HONOR COUNTY COURT JUDGE FORBES.

him. There has been provided a proper course to deal with such matters, viz: make a formal charge, arrest and trial.

The police are to be respected and in protecting a speaker they are preserving the law inasmuch as it prevents the doing of violence which naturally incites further disturbance. This is a free land, a country where the freedom of speech is a priceless gift and if any person's public remarks are not agreeable to others it is not compulsory for them to stop and listen to them. Above all St. John is to be preserved from public upheavals and street demonstrations, for so saith the unchangeable laws of our fair domain.

Battle of York Point.

The limited issue of booklets descriptive of the Battle of York Point and Orange celebration in St. John in June and its last day. The bookstores

gifts, and for prizes at card parties, and for dinners, whence they may be taken away as souvenirs. There are things appropriate to seasons and occasions. There are, for instance, ham, cuts of beef, apples, pears, cheese, ears of corn, and apples, pears, bread, cabbage, cigars, keys, bottles, and various kinds of fruit. Such peaches and various kinds of fruit. Such fruits, filled with candy, are placed in fruit dishes in the usual way on round tables. Sometimes the imitation fruits are mixed in the same dish with natural fruits. Many of the various things are made not with doors but with cups that telescope into the object, these cups being used to serve Roman punch.

Included among many odd things to be found in the great variety of objects there are footballs, pig's feet, sausages, fishes, bread, cabbage, cigars, keys, bottles, and so on. Many are made in this country, of another material; the paper mache goods come from Germany.

Some are used for signs in windows. In one restaurant window there was seen at one side, lying upon a platter, a life-like

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various methods of our "Actual Business System." One of these methods, however, bear any real resemblance to our "Actual Business System." One of them, this is provided for a business community where the students perform face-to-face transactions among one another from the time they enter the school. All of them use the latest and best teaching methods of the text-book, digested with a little knowledge of "business practice" or "office practice" which consists merely in reciting a few fictitious "transactions." As a matter of fact there is no actual business about them, in any one can see who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

CATALOGUE FREE. Currie Business University, 117 Princess St., St. John, N. B. Box 20, Telephone 211.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 30 Commercial street, St. John, N. B.

Advertisements.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Registered order, or by registered letter.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 2

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

MR. KING'S MEETINGS.

It may be possible that the police have no power to stop Mr. KING from addressing the people on Fort Howe on Sunday.

SIGNS OF OUR PROSPERITY.

The American continent is certainly enjoying a plentiful period. Prosperity hovers over all portions of it.

The west is the region more particularly favored, but we must remember that in Canada particularly, the riches of that section are largely in the fertile and boundless prairies, while in the east there are many sources of natural wealth.

To a large extent, however, the prosperity of one part of the country means business to all of it. If we in the maritime provinces, were as advanced in the manufacturing industry as we are in others the proceeds of the enormous crops in the west would come in part to us.

estimated at from fifteen to twenty five millions and when the plans of the company are complete and the different works in full operation the calculation is made that the population of Sydney will have increased to 40,000 people.

This it will be seen the east has its own signs of prosperity. In the west one of the greatest difficulties at present is the scarcity of freight cars. The car manufacturers are full of orders that cannot be completed in time.

THE RESULTS IMPORTANT.

The trial of DEKRETS is attracting the attention of the world and, in consequence, matters of greater importance, but not of such a sensational nature, are receiving but scant attention.

There is a rumor to the effect that a provincial government stone crusher is to be located on the old Westmorland road. The government season for constructing highways has arrived.

WAKE UP, MR. MAYOR.

St. John is getting to be a great town for foreigners, Chinamen and Italians vie with others from far away countries in the race for gold.

If a store is vacated one week the next sees a persistent pigtailed oriental in possession and in the washee-washee business. Some people say that there are forty or fifty of these rice eaters in the city and the assertion may safely be made that not one in ten are on the tax list.

It is an open secret that wandering Jews with unpronounceable names are in all quarters of the town gathering junk, begging it for nothing in many places and paying next to nothing in others.

What are you thinking about, Mr. Mayor? This license business belongs to your office and the people look to you to

see the law enforced. How much longer will you permit this unfair competition to go on?

Americans don't like the idea of their own multi-millionaire WILLIE WALDORF Astor becoming an Englishman—a naturalized one to be sure, but still a subject of Her Majesty the Queen.

There was a circus at York Point when the minister of railways arrived a few days ago. All that was wanted were a block and an axe.

Is the success or usefulness of our winter port to depend upon an agreement between the C. P. R. and the I. C. R. respecting running rights between St. John and Halifax?

There is a rumor to the effect that a provincial government stone crusher is to be located on the old Westmorland road.

Young man, go west. That was what MIKE SULLIVAN said to "TIP" O'NEILL. He went west and they said he hailed from Halifax. Poor O'NEILL!

Will the brother-in-law of Mr. BLAIR of the father-in-law of his daughter be the next senator? What is the meaning of nepotism?

The exhibition opens a week from Tuesday. Who would think that autumn is upon us?

Labor Day comes on Monday. There won't be anybody in town to-morrow.

Social Settlements.

'Social Settlements' hold a place of increasing importance as agencies for improving the condition of the poor in cities. Their purpose is not so much to teach religion as to illustrate it.

In New York there are more than twenty of these settlements, most of them in the densely crowded East Side. They display no sign; the avoid all appearance of charity.

The settlement residents also go into the homes of the crowded tenement population and by gaining their confidence, establish the intimate personal relations which form the best possible foundation for effective help.

By comparison with the vast populations among which they labor these settlements are only tiny sparks, but each one burns with a steady light, and makes at least a little space around it brighter.

'Minnie,' said a mother to her naughty three-year-old daughter, 'what is the reason you and little brother Harry can't get along without quarrelling?'

'Did you notice? She has a white silk suit, which she wears to the baseball game?'

'The fool and his money—' the emerald boarder began.

'Are soon married,' interrupted the savage bachelor.—Indianapolis Journal.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Things Worth While.

Oh, the things worth while! the things worth while! The things worth while! the things worth while!

Yes, the things worth while!

Yes, the things worth while! the things worth while! The things worth while! the things worth while!

Ab, the things worth while!

Ab, the things worth while! the things worth while! The things worth while! the things worth while!

So, the things worth while!

So, the things worth while! the things worth while! The things worth while! the things worth while!

Wall of the Wandering Dead.

Death, too, is a chimera and betrays, And yet they promised we should enter rest;

There is no west; in any world to come, Nor any in the world we left behind;

We played all corners at the old Gray Inn, But played the King of Hearts to our cost;

We wander, wander, and the sights come down With starry darkness and the rush of rains;

It is the fading vision of the heart, A mocking spirit throwing up wild hands,

Now all our days are but a cry for sleep, For we are weary of the petty strife.

Where we can be as senseless as the dust The night wind blows about a dried-up well?

Our feet are ever aching, and we seem As old and weary as the pyramids.

There is no new road for the dead to take, Wild hearts are we that cannot wholly break,

We are the sons of misery and Eld; Come, tender Death with all your hushing wings,

How would you like to be sailing now On an iceberg broad and high,

How would you like to be sailing, I say, On an iceberg far away?

Selling away to a frozen land Where the sun is fringed with ice,

How would you like to be sailing today On an iceberg far away?

A Metropolitan Epitaph.

The evening was getting a little chilly as the Broadway car left the battery, and two dark-skinned immigrant girls shivered in their gay colored prints.

With deliberation and not a sign of embarrassment the two young women proceeded to adjust themselves of their thin waists and to replace them with warmer garments.

Now, wouldn't that trip be nice? How would you like to be sailing today On an iceberg far away?

Kindred Emotions 'How sad Isabel looks.'

'Yes; she's either in love or she's wishing she had some ice cream.'

Never Touched Him. She (coolly)—I understand you have been thinking seriously of matrimony.

He—Well, I certainly never thought of it as a job.

A Filled Man Wants Damages.

A Richbourn correspondent writes: A well has been served on a prominent M. D. of the county for malpractice.

John Heskett of Walsford Parish is plaintiff, and Dr. M. F. Keith of Harcourt defendant.

Constable McSorley in Favor. There was a start of surprise at the city court Tuesday morning when the judge instructed Constable McSorley to take charge of the court until further orders.

There is a rumor to the effect that a provincial government stone crusher is to be located on the old Westmorland road.

Captain Newton's English Deeds.

Captain Tom Newton of the Halifax city was popular wherever he went and the news of his sudden death on the other side was a severe blow to his friends here.

They Didn't go to the Fair.

Our best are ever aching, and we seem As old and weary as the pyramids. They had their tickets—return excursion—and when they boarded the outward bound Yankee they did not know the meaning of the word worry.

Here Comes on the Nightwatch.

There is promise of excellent horse races at Moosepath on the 18th—a date which will suit all the other Maritime provinces tracks.

Does This Wet Weather Wilt Your Collars?

We have a very refreshing process for wilted collars. Try us with a bundle. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

'Well,' answered Colonel Stillwell.

'Well,' answered Colonel Stillwell, with deliberation, 'if there's nothing better obtainable, moonshine can be made to do very well.'

Diminished Funds.

Diminished Funds, No-covered, Repaired. Diminished Funds, No-covered, Repaired.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

The names of Josephine and Marie Louise are connected with Napoleon and his fortunes, but who stops to remember that of Desires Clary, to whom he was first betrothed? She was the daughter of a rich silk merchant of Marseilles, and the Bonapartes, who were living there in the years just preceding their aggrandisement, became acquainted with her family. Joseph Bonaparte fell in love with her, and obtained her promise to marry him when she should be twenty-one; but Napoleon, appearing on the scene, noted with his customary emphasis, and declared that Desires must belong to him. The family were used to falling in with his decisions, and they promptly agreed, Julie, the other daughter, who had long had a liking for Joseph agreeing to marry him in her sister's place.

Desires was a light hearted young creature, with a gay manner and a merry wit. Napoleon, according to the testimony of the Clary family, was not overattractive. One who knew him at that time describes him: "He wears threadbare garments, and badly cleaned, broken down boots. In character, he is brusque, sulky, prone to fits of abstraction. He is born for mediocrity."

But Desires was satisfied with him. She found him all that heart could wish. To be sure, he was poor, but that was a disability which could be amended. In May, 1795 Napoleon left Marseilles for Paris, whence he wrote peremptorily to Madame Clary, urging her to follow, buy a house, and live there with Desires. The country-bred mother and daughter were aghast. Paris seemed to them the very centre of bloodshed and tyranny. They did not accede to the proposition, and a second letter from Napoleon was left unanswered.

He was now at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and it could hardly help seeming to him that his betrothed had abandoned him. As for her, she had heard that he had, in his poverty, accepted money obligations from Madame Tallien, and that he was courting, at her house, a rich and noble lady named Madame de Beauharnais. All appeared to be over between them.

Soon Napoleon himself declared that the relations between them must be ended; his feelings had altered. Desires wept, and owned that she loved him still; but on the advice of her family, she released him from his promise. In 1796 he married Josephine de Beauharnais, and then began the brilliant march of his rising fortunes.

Desires also drifted to Paris, where she became immensely popular and in 1796 she married General Bernadotte, then minister of war. The upward steps of her husband are well known. He accepted the rank of Prince Royal of Sweden, and in 1818 he became king. Desires had preferred living in Paris, and when she heard the news of her husband's accession to the throne, she was at the piano practicing a piece by Chopin. She rose, and sadly closed the instrument.

"However much I practice now," said she, "I shall always be told that I play like a queen."

She died in Sweden, an old lady of eighty-three. Her life had been one of varying fortunes. Monsieur Housaye says of her: "She is intended for earthly honors. She is betrothed to Joseph then to Napoleon, then to Duphot. She refuses Junot, and would be glad to accept Marmont. At last she marries Bernadotte. With Joseph she would have been an imperial princess, Queen of Naples and of Spain; with Napoleon, Empress of the French; with Junot, probably marchese and duchess; with Marmont, Duchesse d'Arbrantes; with Bernadotte, the former sergeant of marines placed the crown of Sweden on the head of this little bourgeoisie of Marseilles."

Surface Observations. The remarks made by a countryman when he gets his first view of the ocean are not always remarkable for depth and appropriateness.

A stoller on the beach of a Massachusetts seaport overheard the opening remarks of a farmer and his wife who had come from northern New Hampshire, as he subsequently learned from their conversation. "Well, I feel to be glad we've come William," said the woman, with a sigh of pleasure, turning from the sea to face her spouse. "Would ever you have believed there was such a sight of water in one place in this world?"

"No, I wouldn't," returned William. "And when you consider that we can't see any, but what's on top, it's all the more astonishing, Sarah now ain't it?"

Football in Siam. Lovers of outdoor sports would find one thing to interest them in Siam. It is the native game of football. Harper's Weekly says that it is very interesting to a looker-on. It is played with a ball about four inches in diameter, hollow and strong.

The number of contestants varies, but play is sharpest when there are enough to form a circle about ten feet in diameter.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. Heart Trouble—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FARR, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Sufferer—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLEMING, Fenbrook, Ont.



Hood's Pills cure liver (the non-drugging and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla).

Beyond that, the larger the circle the slower the play. The game consists in keeping the ball tossing in the air without breaking the circle. If a man misses his opportunity he drops out, and when but four or six remain, the work is sharp and very pretty.

The ball is struck most frequently with the knee, but also with the foot, from before, behind, and at the side of the player. A player has been known to let a ball drop directly behind his back, and then, without turning, return it clear over his head and straight into the middle of the circle, all with one well-aimed backward kick of his heel.

PETTY CURIOSITY.

She was a Great Woman but Kept her Affairs Private. With all the fame and publicity which attached to Rosa Bonheur as one of the greatest animal-painters, who ever lived, but little is known of the artist's private affairs.

The lesson of her life to the women of to-day—and perhaps not less to the men—is the wisdom and dignity of her reticence. We know that she painted great pictures; that she went to cattle-fairs and slaughter-houses to study; that she lived to be seventy-seven years old, working until a few hours of her death; but of her love affairs, or her devotions, or her private opinions on any subject, we know nothing. One reason why we know so little of the personal life of Rosa Bonheur is because she lived in France, and not in the United States. In this country too often the man or woman who paints a picture, or writes a book, or offers any work to the world, becomes at once the subject of curiosity and inquiry. If a man acquires a fortune, or gives a large sum in charity, particulars of his past life are eagerly sought and promptly published. Personal anecdotes—many of them often false—fill the papers. If a young girl of prominent family becomes engaged, no matter how reserved she may be or how much opposed to notoriety, the world is given a history of her love affairs, and her pictures are published in the daily papers and strown broadcast over the country.

This petty, tattling curiosity of the public, and the consequent lack of privacy in American life, is not only derogatory to our dignity as a people, but is only a flagrant cause of great personal annoyance, if not actual suffering. It has brought such sharp and deserved criticism upon us from foreigners that we may well recognize the defect and try to remedy it.—Youth Companion.

Made Heir to a Throne. Queen Victoria's sons have inherited from their father, the Prince Consort, a petty principality and throne in Germany. This is Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a duchy with a territory of about seventy hundred and fifty square miles—three-fourths of the area of Rhode Island—and a population exceeding two hundred thousand. It is not a stronghold of power and influence, but a good deal of money goes with it, and makes it worth while to keep it in the family.

The Prince of Wales renounced his rights to the duchy because he was heir to the English throne. The Duke of Edinburgh accepted the inheritance, but he has no son to succeed him. The Duke of Connaught was the next in line, but he and his wife have renounced their rights. The heir to the throne is the son of the late Duke of Albany, the Queen's fourth son. He is a schoolboy, in his fifteenth year, and has no prospects in England. He will now go to Germany to finish his education, and will cease to be an English prince. He will owe allegiance to the German Emperor, and will probably serve his time in the army.

This inheritance has been arranged by Queen Victoria, whose will is law in the English royal family. She has provided for one of her favorite grandsons a snug and comfortable little throne on the Continent, where he will have little to do, and where his income will be large.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Old Red Cradle. "Blow down the old red cradle Joe, It's high on to heaven's year; Blow the lid off there and cryed you know In her brand new baby gown. Last winter she was over sixteen, And I look for no new care; There's been no more to count the years, And I feel somewhat of a scare."

"Somewhat it seems to me today, As if my strength would fall; I hear a voice across the way, Inside of the rustic wall. Frodo my year just stopped aside, And died in a foreign land; 'Tis day he seems to be by my side, And talking me by the hand."

"All of our other cares are gone, Out on the sea of life; Making their way in the world at me, Standing the storm and strife, Up in the attic I find their things, Tricket, and hat and gown; My soul how the time has taken wing; Bring the old cradle down."

"Back to me over the swelling waves, Are hands stretched forth to mine; Father and mother are in their graves, And there's room for yours and mine, I'm with you yet and I mind the day, I was proud to be called your wife; And now if I should be hence away, I leave you another life."

The cradle rocks but another touch, Is moving it to and fro; The dearest on earth may suffer much, Before it is to go. All in vain are the baby's cries, In the next room mother sleeps Slight and still, at rest she lies, It rains and the master weeps. Florida, Sept. 1899. CRAWFORD GARDNER.

The Country Matter. All hail the country editor! the monarch of the rural world! His flag's a mark of royalty wherever it may be seen. To him the people bow the knee and offer homage one his rank. And every time the heavy pile of hoarded wealth he has in hand.

The sparkling gems which deck his form are worth the value of a king. Of costly fabrics he has done, in cut and fashion 'tis the thing. His ties and gloves are imports from the toniest Parisian mart; His shoes are patent leather dreams, the finest of the age.

The carriage which conveys him 'round from all wheels of rims the socks, A scotchman perched back in the rear, an Eshpoo driver on the box, The horse steeds whose pedigree go back to Arab's desert sands, The harness wrought by men of skill far-famed in distant foreign lands.

On cushions of the finest silk from Oriental looms he sits— And pulls his hat clear of brand the Prince of Wales could not afford. They cost him seven dollars each when bought at wholesale by the cord.

He dwells within a mansion fit to house the proud— 'Twould take an expert many days to figure up just what it's worth; Fare made from Italian hills by sculptors carved with skill untold. With scores of rare mahogany, all bearing knobs of the vine on his banquet board would tempt an epicurean god.

Rare treasures raised by "Veritas" and "Old Subscriber" from the sod. And when he sits on his parlor sofa, the music her wings declines to fly— Her wings decline to fly— Her wings decline to fly!

"Our better half" when lodged would make a Cleo— And gaze upon her evenly air with envy she could not disguise! Her jewels flash as dazzling stars set in a fragment of clothes. Of satins, silks, Valenciennes, and all such noble things as she. Ah! fitted in her queenly grace and dreamy loveliness is she. To ride in legal way beside her lord, the proud, imprudent "We."

To help him blow the golden wealth that comes to him in coin and bills. And see that needle-larks keep the jeweled buttons on his duds. His cash comes to his hand unsought, he never needs present a bill. Subscribers and the men of ads, rush up to pour it in his till. And if the scribbler should be out at lunch or out of town, the green-billed bills in wads and above them underneath the door. All hail the country editor! his life is an elysian dream!

Upon the earth he proudly reigns, a monarch Lives such a life of heavenly bliss. He'll watch the great procession pass, but haughtily declines to go.

Billy Answers the Lady. Yes, you ladies, ma'am, is always "Bill" on the "maid," With the "felicitas" pun above handy, And a record to be made? For the Colonel, and the Gen'ral, The Lieutenant and the Cap'n— I know not 'till the "felicitas" Of their "buddy, buddy" chaps!

It may be them way up fellows Doesn't know what fear's in When the Mausers starts a sign's And the gun begins to fizz. I've heard folks say a hero Or that they got of case As plumed without no thinkin' In the thick of any mus.

Still ma'am, as you're a-sayin', That ain't answerin' your remark; And consarin' private medley, You are still, ma'am, in the dark? Well, we sellers all is skary, About talkin' that thin' that; And we mostly moves log, ma'am, With a waiste or a sing. But you says fair and decent, Therefore Billy's bound to tell, How we boys feel when we're bookin' Straight for heaven or for hell!

That's a thought, perhaps, of mother, That ain't answerin' other gal! Goes a-sumpin' throu' your heart as You just shakes paw with yer pal; But that ain't one in them thousands That's a-spillin' it that agh, As you'll give his hand, ma'am, To be sleepin' round that night!

By Gee, we are afraid, ma'am, But, we take it that a man, At what walks the plank, eyes open, Is a-doin' all he can. And that ain't a private soldier, (Speakin' 'round, and not to please,) But would scorn to go to the gallows, Or to see it any less! No, it may not be far glory, And it's worth, ain't it, far pay; But to be hanged, and see it, Is, methinks, the only way. —Francis Aymer Matthews.

Apure hard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM.

Such That Burglars Would Not Use It On Sleeping Persons. That burglars of the more advanced type can and do use chloroform on the commission of their crimes is a belief widely held and rarely contradicted, and yet there is, curiously, no foundation for it. Indeed, those who are most familiar with the administration and effects of anaesthetics assert that there is no foundation at all for it except in the imagination of sensational writers and in the minds of people whose senses cannot safely be explained by statements of fact. The question has been raised recently by several authorities in which chloroform is said to have been employed, and opinions of the experts are strongly against the possibility of such use. One of the physicians interviewed is quoted as saying: "As far as known chloroform and ether have never taken effect on a healthy sleeping person without that person knowing it. Both of these anaesthetics are at first stimulating and invigoration in their effect and will arouse a sleeping person. The entire system is excited, and the heart beats violently and fast. The use of either chloroform or ether or any other anaesthetic by burglars is absurd. It frequently takes physicians with their various appliances from 10 to 15 minutes to put a person under the influence of either of these anaesthetics, and often a patient will become so stimulated and active before the effect is secured that it requires several strong men to hold him."

The idea that the mere introduction of chloroform into a room would cause unconsciousness was derided as absurd. Even if doors and windows were air tight it would take several gallons of either anaesthetic to so fill a room with the heavy fumes as to affect a sleeper on a bed of average height. And the first effect would be, not deep sleep, but excited wakefulness. The chances are, then, that when everybody claims to have been chloroformed by burglars there is something queer about the case.—New York Times.

AUTOCRATIC JUDGES.

The Expounder of Law is Often Face to Face with Great Difficulties. No man probably can be placed in a more perplexing position than a judge who has to deal with ignorant and dull-witted jurors. A jury of this kind of men in a Western court brought in a verdict of "Not guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the court." The late Justice Hawkins, a learned but eccentric English judge, when the verdict did not suit him, sometimes took the decision into his own hands. After a long trial of a civil case, in which the possession of some property was contested, the jury, against the law and the evidence, unanimously found for the plaintiff. Justice Hawkins listened to the verdict in amazement, and then, with a shrug, said: "It takes thirteen men to rob a man of his house. The suit is decided in favor of the defendant." A certain Justice Leet in Pennsylvania, in the early part of this century, was equally autocratic in his decisions. The country was newly settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a class of just and religious, but intractable, men. When they brought into his court divorce or civil cases which had grown out of quarrels with their wives or neighbors, they were not infrequently met by a refusal to listen to their complaints. "I will hear no statement concerning this case from any lawyer. Do you two quarrelsome fools go home, shut yourselves up together, and pray to the Almighty God to help you to see the truth. Then talk the matter over quietly alone. If you then come to an agreement, you may go to law about it." Tradition states that but a small per cent. of these applicants ever came again before him.

Too Much Let Him.

The dangers of the higher education are not often exposed so nakedly as in the following letter from a New England mother to the teacher of her precious boy, which has lately found its way into Harper's Bazar: "DEAR MISS: Please do not push Johnnie too hard, for so much of his brains is intellect that he ought to be held back a good deal, or he will run to intellect entirely."

Not His.

There are disreputable questions as well as disreputable answers. "Now, Morton," said one of a party who had gone deep into the Maine woods in search of adventure, "we know you've been a famous hunter, and we want to hear about some of the narrow escapes you've had from bears and so on." "Young man," said the old guide, with dignity, "if there's been any narrow escapes the bears and other fierce critters had 'em, not me!"

Their Contributions.

An exchange chronicles this distressing experience, which is perhaps not so rare as it seems: "We're there no servants in the intelligence office?" asked the wile. "It was full of 'em," returned the lonely husband, "but they had all worked for us before!"

Incomprehensible.

Handout Harry—Ain't it ridiculous? Tiepass Teddy—Wot? Handout Harry—De ideas of people think it's fun ter bathe.—New York Journal.

Canadian Pacific Harvest Excursion

TO THE Canadian North-West. On August 25th and September 15th the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will run two Harvest Excursions from points on their line in New Brunswick to all points in the Canadian North West. Tickets will be second class in each direction and good for return (1) October 25th, and November 15th, 1899. The return rates will be as follows: Winnipeg, Duluth, Boston, Boston, Duluth, Montreal, Govt. \$28.00 Regina, Moose Jaw, Yorkton, 30.00 Prince Albert, Calgary, 35.00 Red Deer, Edmonton, 40.00 As the above tickets will not be on sale from stations east of St. John, it will be necessary for any one wishing to take advantage of these excursions to purchase local tickets at St. John, N. B., and re-apply there from the Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

FEWER ROBBERIES NOW.

DEATH PENALTY IN THE WEST THE CAUSE OF THE DECREASE.

The Robbers Were Humiliated in the Use of Dynamite by the Penalty of Death.

It is held by railway men and express agents whose lines traverse this territory that the efficacy of a law affixing the death penalty to a crime against property has been proved by the utter cessation of the once thriving industry of train-robbery.

There has been, however, one curious result of the law. While it has enormously decreased the number of train robbers, it has increased the percentage of fatalities attending upon them.

Eight years ago in Arizona there was a train robbery a month, and this is a large number when the comparatively few railroads in this territory and the few trains are taken into consideration.

Not only were the men engaged in it just previous to its decline but succeeded in perfecting a means of entrance to express cars and safes against which all the science and ingenuity of builders were powerless.

The almost utter stoppage of these enterprises merely through the fear of public execution is a singular thing, and it becomes more singular still when it is recalled that the men engaged in it just previous to its decline had succeeded in perfecting a means of entrance to express cars and safes against which all the science and ingenuity of builders were powerless.

There was another Reno brother named Jack, who had been concerned in their last robbery. He was not captured at the time the four ran away to Canada, but was taken afterward and sentenced to a term in the

penitentiary. One day, years after the lynching, he walked into the Chicago office of the Adams Express company, asked for the manager, and announced that he was Jack Reno, the last of the gang, saying also that he had just been pardoned.

The rise and fall of this industry, if completely and sensibly written, would make a book more thrilling than the work known as the 'Vigilantes of Montana,' a paper-covered volume compiled by a preacher, which once had the distinguished honor of commendation at the hands of Charles Dickens.

Here the car was entered, the messenger obliged to unlock the safe and \$12,000 was taken. The affair caused a fever of excitement all through the country and the railway people saw at once that a new and terrible war had begun against them.

A few months later two boys inspired by the fire of imitation, held up a train on the same road and near the same point. They were taken in hand by their parents, who delivered them to the authorities along with the \$3,000 they had stolen.

While these were in progress six young fellows of Seymour organized a band for the purpose of robbing trains. They proposed to go into the business the ordinary and on a large scale.

They were perfecting to the extent of selecting their hiding places and means of escape, when they were betrayed by an outside confederate, who was to share in the plunder though he had not been asked to do any of the work.

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The lynching of these ten men in Indiana appears to have discouraged prospective robbers for a little while. They broke out again, however, in 1870. On July 31 of that year eight men tore up the track of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road near Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Here the car was entered, the messenger obliged to unlock the safe and \$12,000 was taken. The affair caused a fever of excitement all through the country and the railway people saw at once that a new and terrible war had begun against them.

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NEARER THE KLONDYKE.

WHAT WILL BE THE SCHEDULE OF THE WHITE PASS.

It is probable that in Railroad Construction in Alaska—Bringing the Klondyke Gold Region Close to New York—Difficulty of the Work Will Be Great.

On May 27, 1898, the silence of the approaches to the White Pass of the Chilkoot Mountains was broken by the explosion of tons of giant powder, and one thousand laborers, armed with bar and barrow, drill and dynamite, pushed out from the head waters of Lynn Canal, leaving two shining lines of steel in their wake.

At first the victors smilingly nodded their heads and whispered 'Sehans; Shagway has seen her best days, and there are town lots for sale.' As the grade neared the granite wall a mile high, and the snows filled every cut and canyon even the hardy 'packers' said that the construction gang must surely tie up until spring.

Five miles farther and the train draws up to Glacier Station, looking like a Swiss chalet to the rugged side of a mountain. Here the first snow obstruction is encountered. The heavy coach is uncoupled, and the Klondykers shouldering their packs, take to the trail.

The general name covering the whole system is the 'White Pass & Yukon route,' but this is merely a caption, and covers three distinct charters. From Shagway to the international boundary line, twenty-eight miles, the road will be officially known as the 'Pacific & Arctic Railway and Navigation Company.'

The road has been carrying freight and passengers as far as Glacier station, about five miles from the summit, for several months. During February the receipts of the freight department alone were \$3,700 a day, and those of the passenger department \$600.

Yet this fine showing is not obtained by reason of exorbitant rates. Before the railroad was projected the 'packers' were charging sixty cents a hundred pounds to the summit, with no guarantee for safe delivery.

'No,' said this keen young traffic manager, in answer to a query, 'that is not the wreck of Barnum's circus, but four great river steamers in transit, "knocked down." They are the equals in every respect to the best on the Mississippi. Long before navigation opens, we shall have one road completed to Lake Bennett, where these steamers will be launched, to operate in close connection with our trains, upon the lakes and Upper Yukon.'

'When this is done, what will be the time between New York and Dawson P. And the astonishing reply was fourteen days. That Mr. Gray's schedule is correct is beyond dispute. A journey that once was made in less than two months, and then only under circumstances of great fatigue and peril, can now be made with comfort in as many weeks. Here is the table:

New York to Seattle, 44 days. Seattle to Shagway, 5 days. Shagway to Lake Bennett via White Pass & Yukon Railway, 3 hours. Lake Bennett to White Horse Rapids, by steamer 2 days.

Around Seattle by horse car, 5 hours. White Horse Rapids to Dawson, 2 days. Total, 18 days, 18 hours. Like the Panama Railway, this one of thirty miles across an ocean voyage of thousands of miles, or a journey on foot both dangerous and exhausting.

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Surprise Soap. Soap. Surprise Soap. Wash Day.

an I do not desire it. So please hold him back so as to keep his intellect from getting bigger than his body, an' injuring him for life.

Colonial Children at Table. They Behaved Differently From the Children of Today.

In a little book, printed in America about the time of the Revolution, and entitled 'A Pretty Little Pocket Book,' there is given a number of rules for the behavior of children at the table, which Miss Earle quotes in her 'Home Life in Colonial Days.'

One rule read: 'Hold not thy knife upright, but sloping; lay it down at right hand of the plate, with end of blade on the plate.'

There are disrespectful questions as well as disrespectful answers. 'Now, Morton,' said one of a party who had gone deep into the Maine woods in search of adventure, 'we know you've been a famous hunter, and we want to hear about some of the narrow escapes you've had from bears and so on.'

Canadian Pacific Harvest Excursion. TO THE Canadian North-West. On August 26th and September 15th the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will run two Harvest Excursions from points on their line in New Brunswick to all points in the Canadian North West.

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BROTHERHOOD.

An Open-Air Sermon by Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury.

Were I to choose any text for this open-air sermon, none would be more suitable than 'Bless ye the meek and lowly Jesus, who had followed him home, and finally snatched a tender remembrance.

How once, in a fit of ungovernable temper, he had nearly flogged to death one of his Kaffir attendants, while on a big game expedition; and how he and his party had been lastly expelled from a Burmese town, on account of his insulting attentions to the young wife of a native official.

It was gradually understood that the mystery of his death would never be solved, and that, for the sake of the family name, the least mud stirred up the pastor.

He was laid to rest with his ancestors, in the quiet Hampshire village where he had spent so little of his life, and the poor cousin reigned in his stead.

Douglas had been very careful that none of the ugly stories about him should reach Cora's ears.

He knew she had never quite overcome her prejudice against him, and that the gift of the emeralds had troubled her a little.

If she heard what people said of the dead man, she would never like even to look at them, and a sort of feeling of family loyalty made Douglas anxious that what had been almost his cousin's last wish should be respected.

Ewan was dead—cut off cruelly and horribly in his prime.

Douglas was enjoying the money and rank that had been his, and the woman Ewan had loved was to be his wife.

A generous pity for the man whom he had thus supplanted sprang up in his heart, and made him hotly resent any reflections on his memory.

Cora guessed something of his feeling, and suggested that, out of respect to Ewan, their wedding should be put off a couple of months.

'Bless you for that gracious thought, my darling,' said Douglas, catching her hands in his and kissing them fervently. 'I think you know how I feel. Whatever may have come between us in latter years, Ewan and I were laid together, and friends, too, and I feel as if I were stepping into all that he valued over his grave.

You know how badly I want you, don't you, dearest? and, if I do without you all this time, I shall feel as if I were offering the poor fellow some sort of reparation.'

'I understand,' said Cora, softly. 'I cannot tell you how glad I am to think that we won't see him that day, and how nicely he spoke to us.'

'And the emerald necklace—where is that? I asked Cora, trying to another down an unpleasant memory of the strange gift she had fancied for a moment she had seen in Ewan Stewart's eyes that day, as he had watched herself and Douglas.

'Oh! I took it to Fancet and Golding's to be mended, and asked them to keep it for a time. That is as good a way to keep it as any other. It's safe enough in their strong room,' answered he. 'Did you want to wear it?'

'Oh, no, no! I not until we are married, anyhow,' said Cora, quickly. 'I—I do not think I am very fond of jewels, Douglas.'

CHAPTER III.

It was September now, and, empty as fashionable London was in those days, there were two most happy people in it one afternoon, as they sat drinking tea in a dainty little tea-room in Bond Street.

The wedding of Dr. Dampier's eldest daughter to Douglas Stewart, of the Towers, Beechington, Hampshire, was to be very different from what it would have been had that young man continued merely a struggling writer and briefcase carrier, and a week ago the Morning Post had announced that it would take place at St. George's Hanover Square, on September 12th, which was now only two days away, and all day Douglas and Cora had been doing some of that indispensable shopping which, somehow, always seems to get put off till just before a wedding.

Cora's boudoir at the Towers was to be entirely refurbished, and this had necessitated many visits and consultations.

She sat sipping her tea now with an air of exhaustion.

'Oh, dear me! what terribly tiring work shopping is,' she said with a sigh of relief. 'but it must be even more tiring for the people who have to sell you things. I always pity the shop girls.'

'The waitresses here seem to have a pretty good time of it anyhow,' said Douglas, glancing round at the dainty attired girls. 'The tall one over there is decidedly pretty too.'

'Yes, is she not?' agreed Cora. 'She used to be at the ice shop in Oxford Street. I don't think I ever forgets her face.'

'Don't you? I am afraid I do, unless it is a very striking one. By the way, of course you, too, have noticed how, after you have run up against a person, you seem always meeting them afterwards wherever you go. They must get so tired of seeing you as you are of seeing them.'

'No, I do not think I have ever noticed it myself,' said Cora, idly. 'Well, one day—I should think it was about two months ago—I went down the Strand on a bus with a black fellow—looked like a Hindoo student, you know—and I seem always meeting him. I rather fancy he is a student at the Charing Cross Hospital. He is rather good a looking fellow in his way, and has the most piercing keen eyes I ever saw.'

(Continued on Previous Page.)

CANCER Ad Tumors cured, to say the least, by the use of the... Meriden Britannia Co.

He knows the way: smooth, unkept, uncomely, Unworn in urban manners, moods and style; Unshined, unbleached and uncombed, uncombed, At his expense restrain the overt smile— You'll need him in the Adirondack wood-land, Before you've gone a mile!

He knows the way: above, about, around you, Are trees and trees; the mountainside they climb; To north and east and south and west they bound you

He knows the way: the swamps, and deep morasses, The leaping streams—the silver lakes' girls; The cool green dells that which the wild deer pass;

He knows the way: its thick and sunless tangles, The miles of whispering larches, dense and dim; The paths that cross at most poetic angles, The gray-rock faces looming weird and grim;

He knows the way: its perils and its pleasures, He'll help these to seek, and those to shun; For him the forest keeps his hidden treasures, For him the trout leap, and the river runs;

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Heaven's Message to Him. Those who fear that, between careless familiarity and destructive criticism, the Bible will cease to be a life-giving book forget that it has a message for human millions yet in the wilderness.

A party of these rude red men, who had been taught the Christian faith and learned to read their Indian translation of the Bible, came down to Lake Superior to fish.

One Indian had a brother living on the Superior shore, and it was in this brother's wigwam that he and his son stayed.

Early the next morning the father and son put on their snow shoes and started upon their long journey.

After a day's rest his son missed him. He had started back to the Great Lakes. With a speed that only a native skilled in snow-shoe travel could make, he traversed the whole distance, recovered his Book of Heaven, and returned.

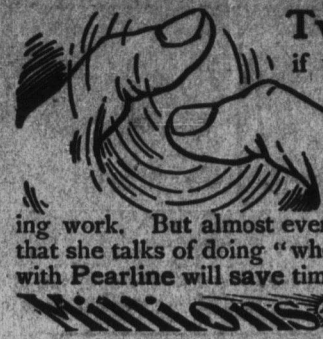
To him the Bible was worth at least a walk of two hundred and eighty miles.

When the English steamer Stella was wrecked on the Casquet rocks, on the 30th of March last, twelve women were put into a boat, which the storm whirled away into the waters without a man to steer it, and without an oar which the women could use.

They passed a terrible night, not knowing to what fate destiny was conducting them. Cold and wet, they must have been quite overcome but for the courage, presence of mind and musical gifts of one of their number.

At the risk of ruining her voice, Miss Williams began to sing to her companions. Through the greater part of the night her voice rang over the waters.

At about four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, a small steam craft



Twiddle your thumbs, if you've nothing better to do, in the time that's saved by washing with Pearline. Better be sitting in idleness than to spend unnecessary time washing with soap, doing unhealthy and wearying work.

which had been sent out to try to rescue some of the floating victims of the wreck, coming to a pause on the waters, heard a woman's strong voice some distance away. It seemed to be lifted in song.

Weak and Nervous. THE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY OF WELLAND.

Subject to Frequent Headaches, was Pale and Emaciated and Grew so Ill She Could Barely Walk.

From the Tribune, Welland, Ont. Miss Hattie Archer, of Welland, an estimable young lady, whose acquaintance extends among a large number of citizens of the town, has the following to say regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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viciousness of the intent in the enjoyment of the artistic result so frequently obtained. Who would be willing to sacrifice the story of the death and burial of Little Nell because the purpose of Dickens to elaborate the beauty of its pathos seems so clearly between the lines?

The peoples of the world who have produced enduring monuments of art and civilization have not been those whose first impulse it has been to laugh.

It is hardly necessary to define a boil; those who have ever suffered from one know it only too well, and those who have not are fortunate in their ignorance.

A boil is due to the action of a microbe, called a pus cocoon. This is almost always presented in the skin, but does no harm while the system can combat the necessary conditions of its growth and multiplication.

Sufferers from boils are usually in poor health. They are pale, pasty-looking, emaciated, with a poor appetite and bad digestion.

Both these popular terms are nearly expressive of the true condition. In the first case the tissues are not well nourished and so cannot resist the microbe; in the second case the tissues are nourished, but are poisoned by excess of waste material in the blood caused by the taking of more food than the body can properly dispose of.

The face receives the record of daily experience. Constant suffering from corns will mar your beauty. Do not look anxious and discontented, but use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which will extract that sore corn in a day without pain.

Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

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WOMEN IN PHARMACY.

THE PUBLIC DEMANDS MEN DRUGGISTS, BUT THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE WOMEN.

Many Women Study the Business, But Only a Few Enter the Profession. Their Knowledge is Useful—Some Have Been Very Successful.

The most practical woman pharmacist in New York today is the old body who fixes up the salves and ointments that are peddled about down on the wharves and back street landings where the fishing smacks come in.

There were five women in my class at college when I graduated in pharmacy seventeen years ago. There have been more than that number in every class the college has graduated since and a half dozen other colleges and schools of pharmacy have been turning out women pharmacists regularly every year all this time.

Two sisters kept an apothecary shop in a far East Harlem district for a while, but they quit, either went into something else or got married. There was a Fourth Avenue shop handed down to a woman pharmacist at her father's death, and she ran it for two years with fair success.

Now, the Northwest and the Middle States boast of some woman druggists, he added. The star woman dealer in the business is located in one of the prominent buildings of a big Minnesota town and from her letters, the questions she asks as to new goods and methods and the size of her orders, I take her to be wide awake and thriving.

Thousands of girls and young women are employed steadily in the wholesale drug and patent medicine houses all over the country.

APIOL & STEEL FOR LADIES PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superbly Bitter Apple, Fil Coccolis, Fenugreek, etc.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The world. There are whole factories full of them, some situated in country settlements where rent is cheap for the plant and its working people and some in crowded city quarters, but all of these women are at merely mechanical end of things, doing the outside adornment work for which small fingers are especially fit.

People don't take to the idea of a woman druggist. There's no accounting for it, but they don't. The public at large likes to have a man put up his prescriptions and would take exception at having to ring up a woman druggist at night or go to her for the hundred and one things outside of the business that a drug store stand sponsor for.

Some women graduates in pharmacy have won a success in the inventions and patents line, getting out their bath, toilet and curative apparatus and attachments in all-rubber goods that have paid fairly well.

It has been my observation that a thorough schooling in pharmacy fits a woman admirably for success in other lines, the speaker continued. There's a young woman running a pure-food delicatessen shop on an up-town avenue who makes twice the income she could get in pharmacy.

A young pharmacist graduate is now sole agent for a big medicated soap syndicate. She's a bright girl and her agency is no two-penny affair. She sits in a pleasant, well-furnished office and plans

circulars and advertising hits. A number of young men and women of her own picking, bustle for her through such territory as she directs and altogether she is a successful woman agent and getting a big salary.

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SOME NEWSPAPER ANECDOTES.

Julian Ralph Tells Some of His Experiences Since he was a Correspondent.

Julian Ralph is a noted correspondent, a budget lecturer and a popular writer. He tells many anecdotes of his newspaper life and a few of them have found their way into the Saturday Evening Post.

Journalism has put me on the pleasant footing with more than one President of the United States. The first President I came to know was General Arthur.

With another correspondent I had been kept up late at night telegraphing, and then had stayed up still later over a midnight supper. When we came to the hotel it was past midnight and the entire house—except the windows of the President's suite of seven rooms—was dark and lifeless.

BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy, instead of suffering, weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia Richard's

the door, and when we came to the last one, President Arthur opened it and let us in. We apologized profusely, but he only smiled and said that his negro boy was very tired and going to sleep he thought he would rather let us in himself than disturb his servant.

'You have found very agreeable society here,' he said.

'No,' we replied; 'we have been telegraphing.'

'Don't tell me that,' he insisted; 'you telegraph only about ice, and I have done nothing for twenty-four hours. I prefer to envy you, and to believe that you have found some one's society very charming.'

'To give an idea of the rigid discipline of a modern newspaper establishment I will recall the trivial fact that when I was new and green upon the staff of such a paper I once missed a train which I had been ordered to take. 'Impossible!' exclaimed the editor, when I reported the fact.

'Let me tell you, sir, that reporters upon this paper never miss trains.' A month passed before I could feel that this offense was forgotten, and during that month how many fasts of persistency and enterprises I performed in order to get back a good opinion of myself! Most of these performances were never heard of by my superiors.

I had no other advantage except what came of being younger than he. I ran after him with all my might, and presently when we were neck and neck, the plain became a sheet of ice, glassy, smooth as window glass, difficult to pass over even at the slowest gait. Still we forged ahead.

'I am hurt,' he cried; 'will you help me to the village?'

'Will you give me the first chance at the telegraph?' I asked.

'Yes, I am beaten; I acknowledge it,' he answered.

So I helped him to the town and looked after him—but took care to send my report in ahead of his.

One of the most striking characteristics of the late Rosa Bonheur was her good common sense, and an illustrative anecdote is now being told of the great French painter.

FEWER ROBBERIES NOW.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

go' back to his own State, organized a band, and for some years terrorized a large extent of country. He was killed by rangers in a running fight in the eastern part of the State. From San Blas to Rabe Barrows stretched a long line of knights of the road, some of them showing great ability and others not. In general they were reasonably successful, making much more money than they could have earned in legitimate pursuits, and so long as they kept clear of murder, there was nothing worse ahead of them than a sentence to the penitentiary, provided always that they did not resist peace attempting their arrest. In such cases they were invariably killed.

One of the most celebrated of them was Brock Cornett, also of Texas, better known as 'Captain Dick.' The Southern Pacific railway was his special prey. He robbed its trains five times in a year, always obtaining a respectable booty. On one occasion he got out of the car of an express messenger who had resisted him and subsequently mailed them to his victim. After holding up a train east of Del Rio, he kept in durance for an hour an aged maiden school teacher and compelled her to dance upon the prairie to lead cowboy ditties, accompanying himself on a guitar. Captain Dick was killed across a camp fire by Alford Albee, who shot him through the heart for a reward of \$2,500. Rabe Barrows affected the Texas and Pacific road, but occasionally switched to Illinois Central. On a train of this railway in 1868 he killed Chester Hughes, a passenger who resisted and therefore fled fast from the gallows. He was captured finally in Alabama and killed while endeavoring to escape.

Of all the bloody men on the road, indubitably the shrewdest and one of the boldest, was John Sontag, of California. He was trapped and shot in Sierra Nevada but not till he had sent four detectives to their long account. He seemed to have a genius for detecting detectives and liked to kill them. His passing left but one band of organized train robbers in the country. This gang was composed mostly of the famous Dalton brothers, a family of dead shots, which had the peculiarity of shooting rifles always with the rifle below the hip. Holding a gun in this way, Bill Dalton would account for three men in ten seconds at a distance less than phenomenal, and only a shade better than his kinsmen.

The Daltons began their career near Tulare, Cal., where they held up an express train and forced the engineer to break open the safe for them. They got \$10,000. Their most noted exploit was stopping and robbing a train which carried an armed guard of twenty men. This was done near Adams, Indian Territory. The robbers kept such a tight hold on the guards that they were unable to show a hand until the express car had been gutted. One passenger was killed and several wounded by the firing bullets. After their celebrated raid upon the bank in Coffeyville Kan., when they fought an entire town, Bill Dalton was the only one of the brothers left alive, the other two having fallen then. He was killed in the southern part of Indian Territory not a great while afterwards in single combat by a man much his inferior in quickness and accuracy.

It was ten years after train robbery became a common enough crime before the lone robber made his appearance. The first instance of the kind was the braiding of Express Messenger Nichols on a Rock Island and Pacific train near Joliet, Ill. His assailant was captured, but for some reason was not hanged. He is now doing time in the penitentiary. Sometime afterwards, near Pacific, Mo., one man bound and gagged an express messenger named Fobberingham and took from the safe \$100,000. This individual's name was Witrook, but he was much better known as 'Jim Cummings,' under which alias he wrote many letters to the newspapers while evading arrest. He was finally captured and served a term in the penitentiary. Almost all of the money was recovered, Witrook having been kept too busy dodging to spend much of it. Equally daring was the exploit of Oliver Curtis Perry, who gained entrance to a New York Central express car at Syracuse intimidated the messenger, abstracted \$25,000 from the safe, pulled the bell cord and, when the train slowed, jumped off into the darkness.

The first successful attempt with dynamite was made in 1889 near Glendale, Mo. Four masked men blew open an armored car and got \$50,000. Two of them, Hodgepeth and Slye, were arrested and convicted. So effective was the use of the explosive upon this occasion that it may be said to be the parent of all subsequent dynamite robberies. In two years a slick of it became as much a part of the robber's outfit as his pistol.

Probably the most unsuccessful attempt at train robbing in all the annals of the craft occurred at the Water tank five miles southeast of El Paso, Tex. in 1888. The east-bound Southern Pacific passenger train stopped there one night to fill the boiler. The large door of the express car stood wide open and inside was a messenger known to associates as 'Windy Smith.' His lamp was unlighted. To the door came two men, evidently new to the business, who stood on the prairie, peered into the dark interior and called upon whom ever might be there to throw up his hands. Smith, being totally invisible to them, picked up a shot gun, poked it within three feet of them and calmly killed them both.

TO THE DEAR.—A rich lady, sister of the Dearest and Noblest, the Hon. Dr. Nicholas's Assistant War Doctor, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the War Doctor may have them free. Apply to Department O. G. The Institute, "Lonsdale," Gosport, London, W., England.

FEWER ROBBERIES NOW.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.)

got back to his own State, organized a band, and for some years terrorized a large extent of country. He was killed by rangers in a running fight in the eastern part of the State. From San Bass to Rebe Burrows stretched a long line of knights of the road, some of them showing great ability and others not. In general they were reasonably successful, making much more money than they could have earned in legitimate pursuits and, so long as they kept clear of murder, there was nothing worse ahead of them than a sentence to the penitentiary, provided always that they did not resist posse attempting their arrest. In such cases they were invariably killed.

One of the most celebrated of them was Buck Cornett, also of Texas, better known as 'Captain Dick'. The Southern Pacific railway was his special prey. He robbed its trains five times in a year, always obtaining a respectable booty. One occasion he was on his way to the coast on an express messenger who had resisted him and subsequently mailed them to his victim. After heading up a train east of Del Rio, he kept in dress for an hour an aged maiden school teacher and compelled her to dance upon the prairie to lead a cowboy ditty, accompanying himself with a guitar. Captain Dick was killed across a camp fire by Alford Albee, who shot him through the heart for a reward of \$2,500. Rebe Burrows affected the Texas and Pacific road, but occasionally switched to Illinois Central. On a train of this railway in 1863 he killed Chester Hughes, a passenger who resisted and therefore fled from the gallows. He was captured finally in Alabama and killed while endeavoring to escape.

Of all the bloody men on the road, indubitably the shrewdest and one of the boldest, was John Sontag, of California. He was trapped and shot in Sierra Nevada, but not till he had sent four detectives to their long account. He seemed to have a genius for detecting detectives and liked to kill them. His passing left but one band of organized train robbers in the country. This gang was composed mostly of the famous Dalton brothers, a family of dead shots, which had the peculiarity of shooting rifles away with the rifle below the hip. Holding a gun in this way, Bill Dalton would account for three hundred seconds at a distance of two hundred yards. He was nothing less than phenomenal, and only a shade better than his kinsmen.

The Daltons began their career near Tulare, Cal., where they held up an express train and forced the engineer to break open the safe for them. They got \$10,000. Their most noted exploit was stopping and robbing a train which carried an armed guard of twenty men. This was done near Adair, Indiana Territory. The robbers kept such a fusillade that the guards did not dare to show a hand until the express car had been gutted. One passenger was killed and several wounded by the firing bullets. After their celebrated raid upon the bank in Coffeyville Kan., when they fought an entire town, Bill Dalton was the only one of the brothers left alive, the other two having fallen then. He was killed in the southern part of Indian Territory not a great while afterwards in single combat by a man much his inferior in quickness and accuracy.

It was ten years after train robbery became a common enough crime before the lone robber made his appearance. The first instance of the kind was the braiding of Express Messenger Nichols on a Rock Island and Pacific train near Joliet, Ill. His assailant was captured, but for some reason was not hanged. He is now doing time in the penitentiary. Sometime afterwards, near Pacific, Mo., one man was bound and gagged an express messenger named Fotheringham and took from the safe \$100,000. This individual's name was Wittrock, but he was much better known as 'Jim Cummings,' under which alias he wrote many letters to the newspapers while evading arrest. He was finally captured and served a term in the penitentiary. Almost all of the money was recovered, Wittrock having been kept too busy dodging to spend much of it. Equally daring was the exploit of Oliver Curtis Perry, who gained entrance to a New York Central express car at Syracuse intimidated the messenger, abstracted \$26,000 from the safe, pulled the bell cord and, when the train slowed, jumped off into the darkness.

The first successful attempt with dynamite was made in 1889 near Glendale, Mo. Four masked men blew open an armored car and got \$50,000. Two of them, Hedgepeth and Bays, were arrested and convicted. So effective was the use of the explosive upon this occasion that it may be said to be the parent of all subsequent dynamite robberies. In two years a sick of it became as much a part of the robber's outfit as his pistol.

Probably the most unsuccessful attempt at train robbery in all the annals of the craft occurred at a water tank five miles southeast of El Paso, Tex in 1888. The west-bound Southern Pacific passenger train stopped there one night to fill the boiler. The large door of the express car stood wide open and inside was a messenger known to associates as 'Windy Smith.' His lamp was lighted. To the door came two men, evidently men of business, who stood on the prairie, peered into the dark interior and called upon whom ever might be there to throw up his hands. Smith, being totally invisible to them, picked up a shot gun, poked it within three feet of them and calmly killed them both.

TO THE DEAF.—A sick lady, afflicted with Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. H. P. Wood's Artificial Ear Dress, has cost \$1,000 to his assistance, so that deaf people unable to converse the Lord may have their lives. Apply to Department O. G. The Institute, "Longwood," Guernsey, London, W., England.

Frills of Fashion.

The Autumn crop of brides-closet has already begun to get its fine plumage in order, and for an early fall wedding the most chic and lovely wedding-dress is compiled wholly of white silk muslin, woven or broided over with tiny dots of minute fly-of-the-valley blossoms. From Paris, for a young woman who is to plight her troth the first week of September, there has been imported a marriage robe, one delicate froth to the knees, of small silk muslin flowers that run out on the train and break forth again on the bodice. The remainder of the costume is done in very heavy white crepe de chine needle work in clusters of small lilies. This is just the type of gown calculated to adorn a young and stately bride to perfection, and it is noticeable that the costumes designed for these important functions, whether imported or made by domestic talent, are all extensive as to train, and, in a number of cases, show elbow sleeves and rather open throated bodices.

There is not even a solitary exception in bridal finery to prove the ruling against brocaded satin. This goods, once typical of wedding splendor, is entirely superseded by plain chine, and row seave lace seems the most important garment for these important toilets. Duchess satin and eyelet white crepe de Antique lace is naturally the standard of elegance, but if you can't have that, the prettiest and most popular modern substitute is Louis Quinze lace that is more stable than blonde but possesses much of its fairy like fragility of charm. It is an interesting and commendable feature in bridal fashions that the strict mode of the hour can be quite dispensed with in the designing of a marriage dress, and the object of every bride and her dressmaker is to work out some scheme of cut and drapery that will be highly becoming, no matter what the prevailing regulations may be. For this reason, save in a large general way, it is futile to lay down a cut-and-dried rule for a wedding costume. It may be a scant-skirted, short-waisted relapse into the mode of 1819 a flat-throated, puffed body with balero jackets of lace, or an old skirt and high cut body with shaker collar. Nobody will ever rise up to say that the dress is not fashionable provided it becomes its wearer and that is the first, last and at all times duty of a wedding gown.

There is coming in a strong feeling against leaving the white gown and misty veil to serve in the great ceremony without the aid of jewels, and unless all signs fall there is good reason to believe that the bridal jewels at the forthcoming marriages will be one of the most interesting features of the tableaux. Curiously enough, however, the jewels are being used at the expense of the traditional orange blossoms that have drifted almost out of sight. The blossoms play a small part in the decoration of the costume, and when worn at all appear in a tiny breast knot or inconspicuous tuit on the shoulder, and only at the demands of a lingering sentiment among women that it is unlucky to be married without them.

Tulle veils are resting on their traditional laurels, while the brides of the day wear lace ones, if they are procurable, and, lacking those, lovely veils of the finest silk Brussels net with large lace figures and borders are set into the mesh and forming the wreath are preferred. They are one and all dropped off the face, and fall from a coronet-shaped decoration in the hair straight out to the tip of the extensive train. A Parisian bride recently was married in a tulle veil into which fleur-de-lis with silver threads were woven. The effect was pronounced by all spectators so satisfactory that it will not be a surprise to see these silvery wigs next winter in New York where every good fashion gets a trial on its merits.

As time goes on, the unmistakable evidence of fur as a fashionable dress trimming is given and in fine lines, like heavy cordings, the strips of richly tinted satin will be used. On the costumes designed for carriage and home wear the fur strapings, have an inclination to follow the seam lines of the smart Princess tunics that slip the figure so closely, and if fur is not used for this purpose, deep plied velvet is the thing, since there is some sort of definite fashion code that commands the strapping of every possible seam. Another use for fur, and this for short-haired falls, is as a facing for dress revers and from narrow vests of embroidered white satin, lace encrusted chiffon, or painted ribbon, broad collars and lapels of black or fawn-brown broad tail, roll black and end an indescribable richness to the gown's facade. A decided femininity in the employment of these furs is the application of rich

cream Spanish Convent, Malta or Guipure lace to the shirting fur surface. A lace figure is cut out and, by great and confessedly a mysterious art, it is sunk into the fur pile. Of course, this is the very dearest trimming procurable, but what matters it to the modern dressmaker who can feel confident of selling the most extravagant accessories of dress, provided her device is pretty and becoming. In substantiation of the belief that the modern rich woman thinks nothing too good for her apparel, it will only be necessary to mention the exquisite ribbons of liberty satin painted by hand, and the expedient for keeping lace overdresses in fashion by embroidering on the fine webs in colored silks. The ribbons have come over for the adornment of dress waistcoats, the facing of lapels and enhancement of bonnets, and are charming enough, but the embroidered laces affect one, for the scheme is to cast sprays of roses, tulips, etc., on a surface of Valenciennes, Mechlan or Irish point lace. To describe the result very truthfully, it appears, to the casual observer and possible wearer, as quite too much of a good thing.

Not at all in this critical light should we regard the new silks for fancy waists, for they deserve special and continual homage of admiration, not to say patronage, if you can afford to purchase a new and beautiful fabric worthy of transmission to an appreciative posterity. A quality of very pure Lyons tulle is the foundation of this goods, and its dyes range through all the liquid tones of porcelain and pastel blue, magnolia white, corn yellow, etc., and on this advantageous surface will be worked, by the most perfect device seen for machine embroidery, a lace pattern in black or white, a cluster of tiny dots in four bright harmonious colors between ridges of white, a polka dot design in a variety of sizes and tints, else a pattern showing rose petals, pink, red, white and yellow scattered as it blown this way and that. A technical effort would be required to make the beauty and exceeding orb of these new silks clear in print, but it suffices here to say that they need no aid of lace, ribbons, tucks or flutes to make up into the most delectable theatre, afternoon carriage and calling waists possible, and that they are as sure as spring to be extravagantly popular.

Already in addition to the doubtfully eligible box coat and Josephine long-sleeved and the Raglan alter style of wrap we are getting the first indications of a coat that promises to be the noblest Roman of them all, and that is the Princess. 'Tis the legitimate offspring of the reigning tunic, the long tight fitting overdress and dress waist in one, that has no rival in our admiration and allegiance. The Princess coat takes the body from the shoulders to the knees, with a glove-like snugness, flares and ripples in a flounce around the bottom and is always conspicuously buttoned a trifle to one side and with a series of large wedge shape flaps in which the buttonhole is worked. It is also characterized by a lofty Kaiserin collar or irregular revers faced back with some velvet with a very cordial tone. An inclination is apparent from foreign sources to top off the Autumn's coats, whether short or long skirted, with a series of little shoulder capes, and with the box shaped wrapps, this is almost essential in order that the wrap possess any symmetry at all.

Another phase of the slowly crystallizing coat fashions is that of lending color and importance to even the most modest little short jacket by fitting in the neck of it a small detachable extra revers collar like the very serviceable and beautifying admiral collars that won their place this summer. Any woman who understands dress economy will buy a smart Kersey, broadcloth, or satin faced Melton coat of black or dark brown, and add to it on occasions a rich red velvet, a slate blue silk, or cream white satin revers, as her needs and her complexion counsel, and she will be sure to have her revers collar stitched. There is nothing smarter than machine stitching and plenty of it and these revers noted, whether of ruby velvet or white satin, are made timely and pretty when they shine with rows upon rows of those mechanically-even lines of silk needlework.

Even the hats, that in these made of dress goods or silk, are stitched, and there is a sort of artistic justice in the wholesale adoption of grape-garnished hats for use with the light wool September toilets. Already there have been shipped to the fashionable autumn resorts airy bonnets of green, or grey, or mauve, tulle-gilded, or garnished upon one side with the prettiest of grapes with the proper foliage, and from some of these smart country settlements are coming a few of the minor fashions that we will all be adopting a few weeks later under the complacent impression that we have a new mode from France. For example, the women of our best monde no longer wear extensive jeweled chains. Around the fair necks

run yokes in the form of thread-like gold links, interspersed with emmalled extensions, but the chain itself is only long enough to hang half way to the waist line. Upon this is slung the wearer's watch, and a small locket-like affair it is, encased and jewelled on the back, and the face turned to its owner's breast.

Rings, even to the first finger, are the announcement for the autumn and after a summer of ringless comfort the women will undoubtedly follow the lead of Mrs. Mackay, who is responsible for making this revival of the light letters popular. She was one of the first to introduce the fringed ring, now the most conspicuous jewel in Paris. It is a big circle of gold bearing a high setting of dark clear cameo stone in which brilliant appear to be sunk. Then, from the bottom of the setting, fall out upon the knuckles a sort of damel formed of pearls or a flexible loop of gold on which bead emerald or topaz are strung. On the fourth finger a finely cut intaglio, surrounded by jewels in the proper circle and the index finger should bear but one stone while the second and third fingers wear as many as four rings at a time. The time for wearing rings, however, must be chosen and the more exquisitely fashionable a woman is the more carefully she confines her rings to use at home and in the evening.

One small adjunct of the complete autumnal toilet, however, is for hard use by day and already purchasable in the shops. This is the small, red leather hand bag. It is only about as large as a very large purse, is not to be attached to the belt and is adopted by all the shoppers, for it holds a minute stationary ink bottle, a gold telescope pen, a pencil, small sheets of note paper and stamps and also a bottle of perfumed toilet vinegar, a powder puff and a comb and it is considered almost as useful as money when a long hard day of autumn shopping is to be got through with.

MODS MADE IN ADVANCE.

Styles hurried to meet the early Autumn demand.

Sun burned women swarm in the corridors of the large hotels and spend their other time in the large shops. Says the New York Sun. This is the period of the year in which the trade of Western and Southern visitors sweep through New York on its way home. But these days of transition are important for the women with only a few hours in town. They want New York fashions to take home with them. New York frocks and hats that will remain through the winter months, surviving monuments of their eastern journey.

Paris models for the ensuing winter are not yet in the hands of the New York dealers. Importations of the best styles to New York are not made until these travellers are comfortably settled in their distant homes. That is no reason, however, for disappointing those prospective buyers who want their Paris styles via New York. The tradesmen do not allow them to return empty-handed when they have money to spend, and are so anxious to spend it. The dealers provide them with fashions that serve the purpose just as well as if they were what the Parisian would call the last cry of smartness. With such regularity is the early crop of hats and gowns prepared for the winter that they have come to be known regularly in the trade as "Western styles." They are usual reproductions of what has been worn the season before, varied with any changes that seem likely to the prophetic eye of the designer. They are quite as expensive as the models which will come later from abroad, are made in the same materials, and are inferior to the real fashions of the season only in the knowledge of persons who happen to be familiar with the details of such matters. This is a time of rather strange fashions in some of the hotels. Faded finery that has done its service at watering places is on view for the last time during the period of waiting for the fall styles that the dressmakers are preparing. Millinery that has lost its bloom is seen in places where usually only the spickiest and smartest headgear is worn. Occasionally a brand new winter hat appears obtrusively. Between seasons, informality is everywhere observed, however, and women for this brief period really can strive to look indifferent to what they wear.

'Europe is all very well in its way,' she said to the group on the piazza, as she leaned her golf bag against the railing, 'but give me America in the summer time. I suppose one educational trip is all right for a girl, and I enjoyed mine when I took it. Probably it did me some good, too, but this thing of going over every summer is quite a different affair. It means that a girl is to satisfy herself with the society of her mother and father, possibly meet an occasional man she knows, but spend the rest of her time in hotels and art galleries, or else in watching scenery which she

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. HOUSEHOLD LINENS. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Robinson & Cleaver BELFAST, IRELAND

would enjoy a good deal more if she had some of her friends along with her. Of course, if she's a great beauty or a howling swell, and goes to Homburg or spends the season in London she'll have a good time. But those things don't come to the average American girl who goes to Europe. She has to content herself with the social life to be found in hotels and pensions. That's all very well for the parents. They enjoy it immensely, and wonder why in the world their children don't take to it, too. The second time I went abroad for the summer I spoke to only three men of my own age from the time I left New York until I got back, and I met them just as we were starting in one direction and they were about to go in another. At home I never would have cared how short a time I saw them, but in Europe I enjoyed them. I saw lots of nice-looking Englishmen and Americans in Switzerland, but I don't know them and neither did anybody I know. So I talked to father and mother and a few of their friends all the time. If I had been absorbed in art or history I might have studied either of them, but I got enough for any ordinary girl, on my first visit. I'm not the only one that doesn't like Europe for a summer vacation. The things a girl enjoys most are just what she doesn't find here. I'm willing to spend all the time necessary in the hotels and pensions after I have enjoyed what America has in the summers and I outgrow that and reach the age for European travel. But I want the summers at home now, and nine girls out of every ten will agree with me about that.'

listened to her. A brief period of study applied her with some unfamiliar and interesting facts concerning the first woman who appeared as actresses on the English stage. Most people know in a general sort of a way that the first Juliet and the original Ophelia were headless youths, because women were not allowed on the stage when the English drama was in its first years. But none of her hearers had ever known before who the women were that took these boy's places on the stage and were predecessors of that great line which has since included in its latest phases Mrs. Kendal Olga Netherole and Rose Coghlan. Her hearers learned that at some irregular time previous to 1660 women had appeared on the stage in London but rarely. Women of the court had appeared in private theatricals before the sovereigns, but the difference between these and public appearances was great enough to make the first actual paid appearance of an English actress that of Mrs. Coleman, wife of a professional actor. She was seen in a production of 'The Siege of Rhodes,' made in 1656. She played Ianthe, and was described on the programme as the wife of the leading actor. That practice soon died out. This is the first word of any Englishwomen's appearance for amusement. Actresses had occasionally, during the days in which all dramatic performances were forbidden, appeared in the private homes of the nobility. Twenty-seven years before the time of her appearance a French troupe came to the old Blackfriars theatre, and probably from their visit dates the conventional ideas of the English that the French are a people addicted to irregularities of conduct. Just as piquant singers came in later centuries from Paris, this troupe brought along its women actresses. The attempt was a complete failure. The women were described as monsters, and driven from the stage. A local account of them says: 'These women did attempt, thereby giving just offense to all virtuous and well disposed persons in this town, to set a certain lascivious and unchaste comedy, in the French tongue at the Blackfriars. Glad I am to say they were hissed and pipped from the stage, so as I do not think they will soon be ready to try the same again.' They did try again, however, but without making any more favorable impression. In 1660, four years after Mrs. Coleman had appeared at Rutland House, 'Othello' was given at a public theatre with two women in the cast. They were Anne Marshall and Margaret Hughes. No account exist as to which of these played Desdemona. Two more actresses were to be seen on the stage of a London theatre during the next year. Soon after that, Payne in his diary refers scornfully to a theatre in which there was a play given by 'nothing but women.' The first woman to earn her livelihood as an actress was Mrs. Coleman who acted with her husband in the homes of the wealthy. The first over to appear on the stage of a public theatre were Anne Marshall and Margaret Hughes—names almost forgotten, but representing a great deal, when you remember the relation in which they stand to the story of women, who have followed in their paths.

THE SURVIVORS.

Evening was just closing in, heralded by that insupportable feeling of reticement in the torso...

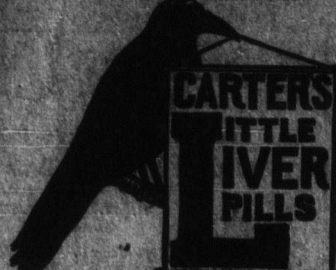
Some little time was consumed in our preparations for the next stage of our proceedings, during which the darkness came down upon us...

Presently the headlong rush through the gloom began to tell upon everybody's nerves, and we hoped, almost prayed for a slackening of the relentless speed...

Again and again as we sped onward through the dark, each of us after his own fashion analyzed that man's character in a weary, purposeless round of confused thought...

We made an almost whispered response and began our watch. But it was like trying to peer through the walls of an unlit cellar, so closely did the darkness hem us in...

So low did we feel that when at last the day dawned we could not fully appreciate the significance of that heavenly sight. As the darkness fled however, hope revived and eager eyes searched every portion of the gradually lightening ring of blue...



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Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

faces and saw the fear of death plainly inscribed; we looked at Mr. Neville's face and were strengthened. Speaking in his usual tones, but with a curiously deeper inflexion in them, he gave orders for the sail to be set, and making an approximate course by the sun, we steered to the north-west.

After an hour or two of almost unbroken silence Mr. Neville spoke, huskily at first, but as he went on his voice rang mellow and vibrant. 'My lads, he said, 'our position has been occupied many times in the history of the sea as you all well know. Of the comes that have taken place when men are brought by circumstances such as ours down from their high position of unremitting creation to the level of unreasoning animals, we need not speak ungratefully; but we need to speak ungratefully of the possibilities of some day being thus situated, and have earnestly endeavored to prepare myself for whatever it had in store for me. We are all alike here, for the artificial differences that obtain in the ordinary affairs of life have dropped away from us, leaving us on the original plane of fellow-men. And my one hope is that although we be of different nationalities and still more widely different temperaments, we may all remember that so long as we wrestle manfully with the beast that is crouching in every one of us we may go, if we must go, without shame before our God. For consider how many of those who are safe on shore this day, are groaning under a burden of life too heavy to be borne, how many are seeking a refuge from themselves by the most painful of ways to death. I am persuaded and so are all of you, if you give it a thought, that death itself is no evil; the anticipation of pain accompanying death is a malady of the mind harder to bear by many degrees than physical torture. What I dread is not the fact of having to die, although I love the warm light, the glorious beauty of this world as much as any man may, but that I may forget what I am, and disgrace my manhood by letting myself slip back into the slough from which it has taken so many ages to raise me. Don't let us lose hope, although we need not expect a miracle, but let each of us help the other to be a man. The fight will be fierce but not long and when it is won, although we may all live many days after we shall not suffer. Another thing, perhaps some of you don't believe in any God, others believe mistily in they know not what. For my part I believe in a Father-God from whom we came and to whom we go. And I so think of Him that I am sure He will do even for an atom like me that which is not only best for me but best for the whole race of mankind as represented in me. He will neither create nor forget. Only I must endeavor to use the powers of mind and body. He has given me the best advantage now that their testing time has come.'

With eyes that never left that claim strong face we all hung upon his words as if we were absorbing in some mysterious way from them courage to endure. Of the five of us, two were Scandinavians, a Swede and a Dane, one, the harpooner, was an American negro, one was a Scotchman, and myself, an Englishman. Mr. Neville himself was an American, of old Puritan stock. When he left speaking there was utter silence, so that each could almost hear the beating of the other's heart. But in that silence every man of us felt the armor of a high resolve encasing him, an exalting courage uplifting him, and making his face to shine.

Again the voice of our friend broke the stillness, this time in a stately song that

none of us had ever heard before. 'O, Rest in the Lord! From thenceforward he sang almost continually, even when his lips grew parched with drought, although each of us tendered him some of our scanty measure of water as that he might still cheer us. Incessantly we kept upon him as the time dragged on, for we felt that he was a very tower of strength to us. Five days and nights crept away without any sign of change. Patience had become a habit with us, and the scanty allowance of food and drink had so reduced our vitality that we scarcely felt any pain. Indeed, the first two days were the worst. And now the drowsy, or perhaps better, slow, still no anger, or perhaps better, slow, ed itself. We could still smile easily and still look upon each other kindly. Thus a heavy downpour of rain filled our water-brokers for us, giving us in the meantime some copious draughts, which, although they were exquisitely refreshing at the time, racked us with excruciating pain afterward. The last crumb went, and did not satisfy us by its going, for we had arrived by easy stages at a physical and mental condition of acquiescence in the steady approach of death that almost amounted to indifference. With a strange exception; hearing and sight were most acute, and thought was busy about a multitude of things, some of them the pettiest and most trivial that could be imagined, and others of the most tremendous import. Speech was difficult, impossible to come, but on the whole we must have felt somewhat akin to the Hindu devotees who withdraw themselves from mankind and endeavor to reduce the gross hamperings of the flesh until they can enter into the conception of the unseen verities that are about us on every side. What the mental wranglings of the others may have been they only knew; but to all outward seeming we had been gently gliding down into peace.

The end drew near. Nothing occurred to stay its approach. No bird or fish came near enough to be caught until we were all past making an effort had been needed. We had lost count of time, so that I cannot say how long our solitude had lasted, when one brilliant night as I lay in a state of semi-consciousness looking up into the glittering dome above, I felt a hand touch me. Slowly I turned my head, and saw the face of the negro harpooner, who lay by my side. I dragged my heavy head close to him and heard him whisper: 'I'm a-goin' an' I'm glad. What he said was true. It's as easy as goin' ter sleep. So long.' And he went. What passed thereafter I do not know, for as peacefully as a tired man settles himself down into the cosy embrace of comfortable bed, bearing a sigh of utter content as the embracing rest relaxes the tension of the muscles and brain, I, too, slipped down into dreamland slumber.

I awoke in bitter pain, gnawing aches that left no inch of my body, untroubled. And my first taste of life's return gave me a fierce feeling of resentment that it would all have to be gone through again. I felt no gratitude for life spared. That very night of my lost consciousness the whaler that rescued us must have been within a few miles, for when we were sighted from her crew's nest at daybreak we were so near that they could distinguish the bodies with our glasses. There were only three of us still alive, the fortunate ones who had gone to their rest being Mr. Neville, the harpooner, and the Swede. The rescuers said that except for the emaciated condition of our bodies we all looked like sleepers. There were no signs of pain or struggle. It was nearly two months before we who had thus been brought back to a life of care and toil were able to resume it, owing to our long cramped position as much as to our lack of strength. I believe, too, that we were very slow in regaining that natural will-to-live which is part of the animal equipment, and so necessary to keep off the constant advances of death. And, like me, my companions both felt that they could not be grateful for being dragged back to life again.

Well Developed Muscles, STRONG NERVES AND PURE BLOOD MARK THE STRONG AND HEALTHY.

Paine's Celery Compound Bestows All These Blessings.

Well developed muscles and strong nerves belong only to healthy and vigorous men and women. Paine's Celery Compound will give the weak and sickly full muscular power, strong nerves, pure blood and full digestive vigor. It will do more to counteract the on-coming of ill health, sickness and disease than any other medicine in the world.

'Help, Jimmy, help! 'What'll you do, Jimmy? 'I'll look better in 'de papers.'



Mrs. James Constable, Seaford, Ont., writes: 'Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was afraid if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up-stairs I had to stop to rest and regain my breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unnaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me. I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation has vanished. I can now go up-stairs without stopping and with the greatest ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headaches. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good.'

LAXATIVE PILLS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND HYPERPLASIA.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Why, why, do you turn your head away from me, dearest?' 'Onions, love.'

'Do you never work?' said Mrs. Subbute to a tramp who asked for a handout. 'Never, ma'am, was the proud reply. 'I am an immune.'

Lulu—You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him. Babe—Why, he doesn't drink. Lulu—No, but he may be tempted to do so later.

Teacher—Who was Mercury? He was the liar of mythology. That's why they put him into thermometers. He's still up to his old business, pa says.—Syracuse Herald.

Gentleman (to house agent)—The great disadvantage is that the house is so damp. House agent—Disadvantage, sir? Advantage, I call it. In case of fire it would be so likely to burn.

Fond Mother—What do you think of little Freddie? He's the very image of his father, isn't he? Visitor (cynically)—Well, Freddie needn't mind that as long as he has good health.

Spriggs: 'How much older is your sister than you, Johnny?' Johnny: 'I dunno. Mand used to be twenty-five years, then she was twenty, and now she ain't only eighteen. We'll soon be twins.'

Getting out of it.—Teacher—'How is the United States of America bounded?' Scholar (who doesn't know)—'Why—or since de war, ma'am, there is no north, no south, no east and no west, ter dis glorious country!'

In Ireland.—Native—'If Oi should decide to come to New York, how long would it be before Oi could vote?' Casey (of Tammany Hall, on a visit)—'Will, Oi don't have track of thim election days, but Oi think there's another wan in about four months.'

'Yes, a faith curer did me good once.' 'Get out.' 'I had the toothache. He gave me a treatment and I gave him that moidy bag about believing he had his pay was the same as getting it. That he hit me in the jaw, and that knocked out the tooth.'

Comparison.—Some despaired. 'It is vain to ask a favor of him! they exclaimed. 'His face is as cold and impassive as that of a marble statue! Others hoped.

'But,' they protested, 'his frowns are not nearly so bagged and distorted as these of the average statue!'

That was to say he doubtless had a heart after all.—Detroit Journal.

Ethelberts: 'I want a pair of slippers for pa—number ten, please, and squeaky.' General Shoemaker: 'Squeaky, miss! I'm afraid we haven't any of that kind.'

Ethelberts: 'I'm so sorry. Couldn't you make him a squeaky pair? There is a certain young gentleman who visits me frequently and—and it would be very convenient for him to know just when pa is coming downstairs.'

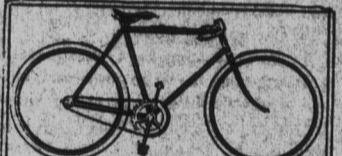
'What made you break off the argument so suddenly?' 'Did you hear what he said?' asked the cautious citizen.

'Yes. When you left he had just said, 'Let us talk this over calmly and reasonably.' 'That's why I went. Whenever a man says, 'Let's talk it over calmly and reasonably,' you may depend on his being so angry it won't take more than three words to make him fight.'—Washington Star.

Not long ago a lover of cricket arrived at the Oval after the commencement of a match in which Hall was playing. Being anxious to see that cricketer's batting per-

formance, he inquired of a son of tall who was looking on:— 'Is Hall out?' 'No, sir,' was the answer, 'there he sits more to go in.'

Nicely's rest. 'Traumatic flatfoot'—so-called by surgeons to distinguish it from the congenital variety—is said to be unusually prevalent among women bicycle riders this season, and is known as the 'bicycle foot.' It is ascribed, in part, to the unnecessary energy with which many women dismount, without bending the knees to escape the strain occasioned by the concussion, and in part to the wearing of the fashionable high-heeled, thin-soled bicycle boots. These boots do not give sufficient support to the instep and become too weak to retain the arch in its proper position—hence traumatic effects. Physicians recommend the wearing of calf-skin boots with thick soles and low heels, if women bicycle riders would escape a malformation which is not only exceedingly painful in effect, but difficult to cure.



TO INTRODUCE \$1.00

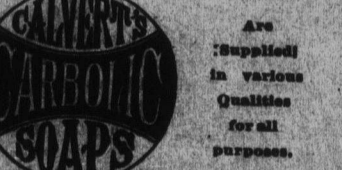
cur well by models early. We will for the next 30 days ship a sample bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer a splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

INTRODUCTION PRICES

FLYER—17 in. Tubing, Finish, 1 1/2" Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. S. W. Tires, 22.50; fitted with Hartington Tires, \$20.00. 20" and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22.50; and 24 in. Frame, any gear, wheels slightly used, modern types, \$8.00. \$1.25, 20. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

PATENTS

When you want to procure or sell a patent you need go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—be wary of firms who offer schemes—our 30 years' personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms. U.S. Office, 608 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C. CUTLER & SANDALL, Inc. 252 St. St., Montreal.



Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. O. CALVERT & CO., Manufacturers.

OUR SYSTEM

Of measurement enables us to present you all the best and most perfect clothing. It is more desirable than to have a garment made to order, because it does not exactly fit you, but it is more perfect even in the way of detail. It is also to know that you are thoroughly satisfied with anything you get from PALMER & SON. Send for our full measurement Chart with full instructions.

I. PALMER & SON, 252 St. St., Montreal.



Bicycle Pains
NEVER PEOPLE STRONG

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND NEURALGIA

formance, he inquired of a son of toil who was looking on:—
"In Hall-out?"
"No, sir," was the answer, "there he sits more to go in."

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00
curly well to models curly, we will, for the next 20 days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer a splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

PATENTS
When you want to procure or sell a patent you should consult a lawyer—be aware of firms who offer schemes—Out to you personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms.

OUR SYSTEM
Of medicinal value in all cases of chronic constipation, it is more disagreeable than to have a "Wet" or "Dry" Stomach that does not naturally do anything we make in perfect view in the use of our "Wet" or "Dry" Stomach. It is the only medicine that will cure the chronic constipation of the stomach with full instructions.

"A Hindoo?" repeated Cora, looking at him with the faintest stirring of a vague distrust and apprehension that she could not have put into words. "Have you ever spoken to him?"
"Oh, dear, no! Why should I? A man will travel with me some years for half a cent, and never speak to him. It might then out to be an awful nuisance. I'll start him on to look."

"Oh, but I thought you were coming back to dinner to-night?" said Cora.
"I shall have plenty of time for that, dear; I'll put you in a hammock now, and go off straight to Moorgate Street, get the necktie, and take the Underground to Baker Street. That is easy enough."
"Thanks; if you don't mind, dear, I think that will be best," said Cora, beginning to put on her gloves.

At that time of the day there is a slackening in the traffic of the Underground line, and Douglas was able to secure a first-class compartment to himself, as he thought, but just as the last moment, someone swung himself easily in, and, with an inward smile, Douglas recognised the Hindoo student of whom he had spoken to Cora.

He thought of her question as to whether he had ever spoken to him, and, on the whim of the moment said—
"Pleasant day, isn't it?"
"Yes, sure," said the man, and Douglas thought he could read something like surprise in his dark eyes for a moment fitted to him.

A NEW HAT WITH SOLED SHOES
MAKES A MAN LOOK SHABBY. AVOID THIS BY USING JACKARDS
Special Combination LEATHER DRESSINGS
A perfect Polish for all Colored and Black Shoes.

He spoke to a sense of skill and unutterable nausea.
"What were they doing to him? Why on earth could they not let him die in peace?"
"Where was he?"
"Someone was shaking him roughly, someone else looking down at him with an expression of disgust."
"Come, come, sir; we cannot have this in our railway carriages," said a sharp voice; and another added—
"There, you see, inspector, just as I told you—he is speechlessly drunk."

"Do you not think it your duty to give him in charge as drunk and incapable?" said the officious old man.
"The Inspector hesitated.
He knew it was more profitable not to give a gentleman in charge if possible.
And, while he hesitated, Douglas began to gather the bearings of the case and to understand it was of him they were speaking."

"Well, I do notice a queer smell, now you mention it, sir," assented the official, sniffing gingerly. "Shall I send for a policeman?"
"Yes, please—but no, no stop!" said Douglas, with a sudden thought of Cora and their wedding-day.
It he put this matter into the hands of the police now, who knew what fixations delays it might involve him in? and Cora would be dreadfully alarmed.

He took a speedy resolve to hush the matter up—at least for the present.
"No; you need not trouble," he said quickly. "I will go to the station myself."
"And if you do there duty, they will detain you there," said the old man testily.
But here another train came in, and Douglas was left alone until its departure brought the inspector back to him.
Meanwhile, he had felt in his pockets, and held out a half-sovereign to the man, and looked here; now that interfering old fool has gone, I will tell you that I am most anxious that this matter should not get into the papers," said he, speaking in a tone of quite authority. "But, later on, I may want you as a witness in the affair. I will give you my card, and if you want to earn a sovereign, you may make cautious inquiries up as far as Farrington Street of the man at the barriers as an Englishman, apparently about twenty-five years old, passed through this evening."

The man had taken a madman's caution, and had been following him until he found a favorable opportunity to attack him.
But still, having got him in his power, why had he not completed his work, and murdered him?
A sudden memory of Cora's necktie occurred to him.
Could it, by any means, have been that which the man was after?
And yet how could he have known that it was likely to be in Douglas's possession that evening?

He was troubled and perplexed, and, above all, anxious that Cora should hear nothing of the matter; and the slight cloudiness of his faculties, the effects of the chloroform, still prevented his thinking matters out clearly.
Once or twice through the evening he saw Cora looking at him, her pretty face a little puzzled, and he did his best to pull himself together and seem as usual; but, when he was finding his hat in the hall, she stole out after him, and laid her hand on his arm gently.
"Aren't you well, Douglas, dear? Or are you troubled about something?" she asked, looking up at him earnestly.
"Why, you fanciful child, I am all right," he said, smiling down at her; "I am a bit tired, that is all."

Now the man was dead, and no one had anything more to fear from him, there was no need for anyone to hear anyone about it, and those vague, sinister misgivings about the emerald were quite dispelled.
Some day, when they had been married a long time, he would tell Cora all about his adventure, but now there was no occasion, and this very day he would tetch poor Ewan's wedding gifts to take its place among the other presents.
(To be continued.)

Save the Babies.
Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.
There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.
There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhoea of infants, and none has the education of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warwick, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth, and was taken with diarrhoea very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
IS PICKED PURITY
Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.
IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

"That every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to his fragment of life."
Last of all comes the verdict of Doctor Holmes given with his own inimitable humor: "The riotous tumult of a laugh, I take it, is the mob law of the features, and propriety the magistrate who reads the riot act."

During the week the Comte and Comtesse have lived aboard the steam yacht Valhalla, at Kingstown, dined with Viceroy Cadogan at the viceregal lodge, and entertained the Viceroy, Vicereine and court at the Valhalla, which was beautifully illuminated for the occasion.
Comte Boni was deeply interested in the horse show, and bought two pairs of splendid carriage horses for \$6400.
He expressed himself as being delighted altogether with his visit to Ireland, promising that he would surely attend the horse show next year.

They sailed to-day later Trouville, their party including the Duc and Duchesse De Luynes and Duchesse de Gallifet, wife of the French War Minister, whose presence on the Valhalla shows that Comte Boni does not carry his violent anti-Dreyfus, anti-Republican animus into his private relations.
Lady Randolph Churchill's engagement to young Cornwallis West, despite all the newspaper contradictions, was perfectly true. Moreover, the announcement was made prematurely by his mother to prevent the match.
Mrs. West's generalship was rewarded by at least a temporary victory, for Lady Randolph has gone to Aix les Bains, and young West, whose mother is two years younger than Lady Randolph, has left England and promised not to see his fiancée for a year.

At the end of that time, however, they both remain constant they will be married; and it is believed that even if West's mind is unchanged Lady Randolph has been so affronted by the criticisms her engagement has evoked that she will never come to the scratch.
Winston Churchill sternly opposes the marriage, and West has been notified by his father that if he marries without his consent his allowance will be withdrawn, and he must consequently resign his commission in the Guards.
It will surprise every one if the marriage ever takes place.
By the way, the Wests are jubilant at the prospect of their beautiful daughter, Princess Henry of Prussia, providing an heir to her husband's title and estates. She has now been married five years, without children.

P. O. K., the American promoter, who resides at Glens Falls, N. Y., and who was reported to have been negotiating for the purchase of the Lakes of Killarney, in order to aid Richard Croker's alleged scheme of gaining possession thereof and laying out an estate for the erection of millionaire mansions, has not carried out his bargain. It now seems probable that the estate will be bought for the Irish nation by subscriptions raised by a national trust. In the meantime, Sir Edmund Antroub, the owner of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain—the most perfect Druidical remains in the world—has offered it to the State for \$625,000. The price is deemed a proposition, especially as Stonehenge cannot be used for any other purpose, even if the owner wished.
A curious cross had cropped up for the protection of landmarks and places of historical interest against the mythical assaults of American millionaires. An official of the Antiquarian Society says an American speculator has already made an

offer, with the view of transporting the stones of Stonehenge to the United States. A committee supported by the Prince of Wales, is trying to secure for the nation the late Lord Lighthote's house. This is also threatened, according to rumor, by American capital. But it is rather believed that the furore originates in the shrewd methods of selling agents, who, wishing to stimulate the market, invent reports of American enterprise while appealing to British patriotism.
All the political agents here agree that this has been the record year for American visitors to Europe. Charles Alvan Gillig, director of the American rendezvous, established by the Great Eastern Railway Company on Cockspur street, says:
"From now to January, or possibly December, I reckon that we shall have 70,000 American visitors. Probably they will on an average have spent \$1500 on their European trip."

The Marquis of Bute, the original of Dumas's Lochaire, is lying stricken with paralysis in one of his Scotch mansions. Although is only 52, his conversion to Catholicism was the beginning of the steady inflow from the Anglican community which still continues.
He is immensely wealthy, his income from his Cardiff estates alone being estimated to be worth \$1,000,000 a year; but he is a disappointed man, never having come to the front in public life, despite his undoubted abilities, owing to his impracticable, dreamy character.
His son, Earl of Dumfriesshire, will be one of England's wealthiest aristocrats.
The annual week's holiday of Oldham cotton operatives, known as 'the Oldham Wakes,' begins to-day. These operatives subscribe throughout the year to the fund, which has this year reached \$800,000, the whole of which will be spent by them during the week at the popular seaside resorts on the Lancashire coast, Isle of Man and Scotland.
The Earl of Dunraven's splendid but remote mansion, Glamorganshire Dunraven Castle, is to be turned into a hotel and the park laid out with golf links. Dunraven much prefers his Irish seat, in County Limerick, and intends to pass most of his time there hereafter.

Don't experiment—buy Magnetic Dyes which have been successfully used in Canada for twenty-five years. Price 10 cents for any color.
A Brief Trial.
French Judge—"Prisoner at the bar, you are accused of a great crime."
Prisoner—"I am innocent."
French Judge—"Evidently you are a hardy offender. You deny the charges of the government, and therefore must be a traitor to France. I sentence you to five years' imprisonment for entering into relations with the German Government."

Mistaken Memory.
"Has your master," said the ox to the horse, "done anything especially kind since he joined the 'Humans Society'?"
"Yes, and no," replied the horse; he has prevented much suffering among the fies by docking my tail.—Life.

A CARD.
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' English Pills are used.
A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 367 Main St., St. John, N. B.
E. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Car. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clark, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 106 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Co., Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

THIS SNAKE LOVED MUSIC.

Dwelt in the Church and became a Fair Performer on the Organ.

A party of musicians the other day were discussing the question of the love of music in various members of the animal creation and particularly among snakes.

Three years ago, said he 'I was the organist in a little country church near the Blue Mountains in Schenck county. The mountains were full of snakes.

'It suddenly occurred to me that it would be an interesting experiment to see if he would follow the music. So I got up, and playing softly began to walk away.

'The next day I went into the church to practice and had not been long at it when I heard a rustle on the carpet and, looking down, there was his snakehead taking it in.

'After that the snake came again for many weeks every time I practiced, but it seemed that he had become convinced that it was dangerous when others were present.

'Sob's afterward members of the church reported that they had heard mysterious breathings of the organ at night in passing the church and inquired whether I was practicing.

'One evening I determined to make a night of it and solve the mystery if it was possible. I accordingly took up a concealed position in the church shortly after dark.

'It is the house of the famous John Ruskin,' she frankly answered.

Now what other than my old friend the blacksnake might it be, on the music stool. He was not alone, but was followed by half a dozen or more of his companions.

'Then, seated on the stool, he began to press the keys with his head, and of course produced the corresponding notes on the instrument.

'They told me, neither do they spin,' is often replied reproachfully to the members of royal families, but not always with justice.

'HISTORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH. Thomas Edison Tells What Were the First Words Repeated.

Ray Stannard Baker tells for the first time the true story of Thomas A. Edison and the invention of the phonograph.

'Mr. Edison,' shouted Mr. Mallory, 'I heard an interesting story of your invention of the phonograph the other Sunday in Brooklyn.

'Mr. Edison raised his head. 'D'd a preacher say that?' he asked.

'Then I set the recorder back to the starting point and began to turn the cylinder. At the very best I had expected to hear nothing more than a buzzing confusion, but to my astonishment and awe the machine began to repeat in a curious, metallic voice:

'This the first words ever spoken into the phonograph were these four simple lines of Mother Goose.'

would have deemed it one of the greatest privileges of my life.

'They tell me, neither do they spin,' is often replied reproachfully to the members of royal families, but not always with justice.

'BORN. Amherst, Aug. 18, to the wife of B. Baber, a son.

'MARRIED. Pleasanton, Aug. 22, by Rev. A. Boyd, James Reid to Lillie Evans.

'DIED. Lunenburg, Catherine Ward, 70. Farrabro, Aug. 13, Wm. Yorks, 75.

'DIED. Lunenburg, Catherine Ward, 70. Farrabro, Aug. 13, Wm. Yorks, 75.

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Pay the Painter THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS Fair wages for honest work.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SATURDAY SUBURBAN EXCURSION. Tickets now on sale for St. John, Saturday, good to return until Monday following date of sale.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

S.S. Prince George and S.S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 19th June 1899 (trains will run daily, Sunday excepted.)

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP COY New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names and dates.